

Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 26, 1960

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Contents

SEPTEMBER 26, 1966 Volume 25, No. 12

Cover photograph by Ann Summers 111

20 Supermen of Troy

Southern California was superlative, it had to be to feed Texas and its sophisticated sensuous, Super Bill Brouder

Agony and Not Much Ecstasy

26 After stopping the Pirates twice, the Dodgers seemed certain—sure of—to win the National League pennant

28 Despite a week of fanatic, ecstatic baseball, the Ganes were still hanging onto faint hope

32 When the Boogie Stopped

Dallas' jets turned to applause for the Cowboys as Don Meredith's brilliant passing devastated the Giants

36 The High Rollers of Ruidoso

Out at Billy the Kid country his haters abound when the richest horse race in the world is run

42 A Farewell to .300 Hitters

Night games, better pitching, scientific defenses and stubborn batters have changed the face of baseball

66 Knockdown for a Dowager

The 66-year-old Helen-chairs shops are still the grand dames of out-designer boat racing

76 One More for the River

Scotch and Dixie helps get two steadfast British fishermen through the awful heat of a Norwegian summer

The departments

12 Scorecard

73 Bridge

56 College Football

87 For the Record

61 People

88 Baseball's Week

62 Golf

90 19th Hole

66 Boating



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Credits on page 87

Next week

THE LOS ANGELES RAMS have a new coach and a new philosophy. Wasn't this year Elmer Strike penning field, front office and locker room to see how the whole thing is working.

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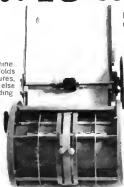
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BOOKTALK

For collectors: a facsimile reprint of an 18th-century masterpiece on horses

Born in 1724, George Stubbs, A.R.A., was the son of a prosperous Liverpool tinner. A self-taught artist who was also an anatomist and anatomical artist, Stubbs's equestrian paintings were commissioned by such men as Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Richmond on the strength of his anatomical drawings.

These equine blueprints were first published in 1766 as *The Anatomy of the Horse*, and have been reissued this year as a sumptuous facsimile reprint by Joseph Allen, publisher and proprietor of the Hoeveman's Bookshop, 1, Lower Grosvenor Place, Belgravia, London.

Up in his private office on the second floor, Joseph Allen explains that equestrian painters antedating Stubbs are considered "primitives." The original *Anatomy* is so rare as to be almost unobtainable, a copy fetching about \$300.

Bound in scarlet velvet, with gilt lettering, the facsimile reprint of the *Anatomy* has a frontispiece from George Dance's portrait, showing that Stubbs, in spite of his long, inquisitive nose, full lips and delectable chin, was a man with whom one would have thought twice before having an argument. And this is a true portrait, for in opposition to his delicacy of touch he had a combination of physical strength and determination that enabled him, singlehandedly, to hoist the entire carcass of a horse to an upper room, and there take his time, dissecting and drawing every section in minute detail.

His anatomical descriptions are, of course, couched in 18th-century terms. While these are perfectly correct and are reproduced in the reprint, they have been modernized by Professor James McCann, distinguished veterinary authority, and Professor C. W. Ottaway.

What gives the volume its greatest distinction—it has 60 pages of text, bibliography and biographical notes—is the inclusion of 24 related drawings that are published for the first time, in addition to the original 30 folding plates, 18½ inches by 12 inches.

What happened was that Stubbs's anatomical drawings eventually ended up in the hands of Sir Edwin Landseer, who left them to his brother Charles, Keeper of the Royal Academy, who, in turn, left them in the academy. There the 24 unused drawings lay forgotten until 1963, when they were found by an avocant librarian.

The book costs \$31.50, one-tenth of the price realized by a copy of the first edition, but it is destined nevertheless to become a collector's item, for the edition is limited to 1,000 copies.

—MARJORIE MOSLEY

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SCORECARD

"RACETRACK PEOPLE"

Whether they are running for office or just getting a little exposure, politicians are wont to show up at ball games, fights, even track meets—but you'll rarely run into one at a racetrack, for which they affect a traditional repugnance. This comes to mind because the word is that Frank O'Connor, the Democratic candidate for governor of New York, has reportedly said that certain groups, including "racetrack people," would be kept out of his entourage. It goes without saying that if O'Connor is elected, he won't spurn the "take," but that's not the point and we're not picking on O'Connor, who's just being politically expedient.

The point is this: why, in this country, is racing still considered immoral or unseemly? In England, for instance, the Queen not only makes a point of going racing and enjoying it, she also owns a considerable stable; and the sport (or quasi-sport, if you will) is admittedly a bit more suspect there than here. Perhaps racing is not as clean and aboveboard as horseshoe pitching but, considering its essential nature, it has in recent years been well policed and relatively free of scandal.

As for "racetrack people," they come in all shapes, sizes and degrees of virtue. Some are noble, some are faintly raffish, some are crooks but, by and large, they have a certain charm and competence. As for politicians—we'll usually take racetrackers, be they hot-walkers or members of The Jockey Club, over them.

PROGRESS REPORT

The six public high schools in Oakland, Calif., will play football this fall after all. When a special bond issue was voted down last June, it looked like Oakland would be the only big city in the U.S. without interscholastic sports (SL, June 27 et seq.); however, a fund-raising campaign by the Junior Chamber of Commerce has netted \$24,652 to date, or enough for each school to play five

games, as well as resume cross-country and crew. But the Jaycees are not resting on their oars. About \$84,000 more is needed to bring back basketball, baseball, track, wrestling and swimming.

MESSAGE FROM MAURITIUS

In 64 countries, from Australia to Iceland, from Red China to Very White South Africa, *Swimming World*, a monthly published in North Hollywood, Calif., keeps competitive swimmers abreast of their sport. At this time of year, when the competitors wind up in most countries, Al Schoenfeld, editor of *Swimming World*, usually hears from a random assortment of readers, some praising him and a good number giving him the what for. Even if Schoenfeld publishes every clocking of every performer in an age-group meet, he can expect a letter from some wounded mother complaining that her child was slighted. If the water in a pool on the other side of the world is too cold, Schoenfeld is apt to get letters telling him to do something about it. As he flounders in a sea of complaints, wondering if the whole thing is worthwhile, Schoenfeld usually gets one letter that gives him heart again. The most recent came from a swimming devotee named Joseph Marnus Jacquette, who lives on the island of Mauritius, a small, overpopulated volcanic splotch in the Indian Ocean. The letter reads:

"Dear Sir,

"We humble workers and swimmers are very handicap in our little underdeveloped island, due that there is not a single coach or either a magazine or book concerning swimming for competition, an example so that our national record for the 400 meters is seven minutes, a pity you may say but it is our poverty and very long distance of a civilized country.

"Gentleman, for that in our Saviour's name we ask you: 1) what is the lowest price we can pay for your magazine (remember that a dollar is earned here by

working two days), 2) can you give us the address of a good American coach and of an American swimming club, if any possible the club address where Mr. Don Schollander trained."

Editor Schoenfeld has sent Joseph Marnus Jacquette of Mauritius a complimentary subscription, plus all known addresses for Mr. Don Schollander, and six Speedo swimsuits just like the ones Mr. Schollander uses when swimming 400 meters in a little over four minutes. None of the seven-minute Mauritians are likely to turn up at the next Olympic finals with the Schollanders of the world, but, as Schoenfeld sees it, it is his duty to help close the gap.

THE BEAR FACTS

A gentleman came into the office the other day and introduced himself as Robert W. Kneebone—grounds enough to hear him out. It seems that not long ago Mr. Kneebone, who is a consulting vice-president of the Texas National Bank of Commerce of Houston, was playing golf at Jasper Park Lodge in Jasper, Alta. He was about to make his fourth shot to the green on the par-5 13th when three large black bears came out of the woods and began horsing around on the green, if such can be



properly said of bears. Undaunted, Mr. Kneebone clipped, and his ball rolled within a yard of the cup. One of the bears ambled over and picked the ball up in its mouth. Mr. Kneebone yelled at the bear. The bear stood on its hind legs, towering over the flag, turned its head to see where the shout had come from and the ball fell from its jaws and

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

dropped directly into the cup. Allowing that it was a gimme putt in any case, Mr. Kneebone gave himself a par 5 and headed for the 14th tee. Thanks for dropping by, Mr. Kneebone.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

At the coin-flipping ceremony before the Baylor-Syracuse game a fortnight ago the following occurred.

- 1) Referee McDuff Simpson flipped the coin.
- 2) Syracuse Co-Captain Herb Stecker said, "Tails."
- 3) Simpson, without glancing at the coin, said, "Tails it is."
- 4) Syracuse Co-Captain Floyd Little said, "That's *hrools*."

Which, in truth, it was. What Little forgot was that Syracuse had already won the toss. It is now common practice for colleges to have two coin-flipping ceremonies. The first, held well in advance at a prearranged place, counts and gives the coaches a chance to go over kickoff or receiving strategy with their players. The second, in full view of the crowd, doesn't count. It is held simply because it's part of football ritual.

We envision, with foreboding, the day when there will be two games as well. The first, held well in advance at a prearranged place, counts and takes the form of a controlled scrimmage to give the coaches a chance to go over strategy with their players. The second, in full view of the crowd, . . .

THESE AND THOSE GUYS

As a matter of fact, if you listen to the sportscasters, the implication is that there already are two separate football games, apparently going on simultaneously. Except for Red Barber, who, for example, gave currency to "the catbird seat" and "rhubarb," and Dizzy Dean, who worked inimitable wonders with the pretern, play-by-play announcers have not notably enriched the English language. But in the past few years they've outdone themselves, solecismwise.

For instance, nowadays there's scarcely one that doesn't say something very much like this in the course of a telecast (the italics are ours): "You'd have to say that *those* Tigers can still beat *these* Lions down *there*, but they'll have to get *their* football if they're going to do it." The inference is that just beyond camera range—not down there, pal, down *there*—you'd have to say that *there* Ti-

continued

Robert Crossley is a member of the Bremen's search squad for a city in the Greater Providence, Rhode Island area.



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SCORECARD continued

pers have no chance at all of beating these Lions because this football. . .

It's almost enough to make one year for Harry Warner. Almost.

FACT AND FANCY

"Al Ferrara mastered Beethoven and Brahms when he was 16," the wire story began, "and now he is finally coming of age as a swinger."

"Mastered, my foot," growls the Los Angeles Dodger outfielder, who looks more like a piano mover than player. When Ferrara gets a key hit, which he has done six times this year, the stories read. "Ferrara, who gave up a promising career as a concert pianist. . . It's a hell of a human-interest hit they've got going, so why ruin it with facts?"

It is true that every Thursday afternoon for nine years the late Guido Morvillo came to the Ferrara residence on East Second Street in Brooklyn. It is also true that after six years of having his knuckles rapped by Mr. Morvillo's pencil every time he butchered a sonata, Al Ferrara played in Carnegie Hall.

"But they got more than one hall in the place," he says. "This was a little one. Mr. Morvillo had a recital for his students every year and the parents came. He had taught my mother and grandmother, and they wanted me to play, so I said all right. I didn't hate it, but I was like a robot. You would me up and I play the piano for an hour. Then I run out and play baseball."

The promising career came to a close in 1956, when Ferrara was 16 and Mr. Morvillo's visits began conflicting with the Lafayette High School baseball schedule. "I haven't touched a piano since," says Ferrara.

Nonetheless, such is the power of the press that Ferrara recently received an invitation to give a recital with the Philadelphia Orchestra. "They said to name my dates and my fees," he says. "I suppose I could play something simple, but it would take me a couple of weeks to memorize it."

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

Dave Hart, the Pitt football coach who weighed his players underwater to determine their fat content because he wanted a "lean and mean team" (SI, Aug. 22), came up with another breakthrough last week. Since Pitt was going to play UCLA in Los Angeles Saturday

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

night (11 p.m. Pittsburgh time), the team practiced at 10 p.m. Thursday, went to bed at 1 a.m. and ate breakfast at 12:30 p.m. Friday, Said Hart: "I've spoken to several doctors about this, and it just makes good common sense. If we wait until Friday evening to go on Coast time, the boys' bodies will not have had time to adjust."

Final score, UCLA 57; lean, mean, well-adjusted Pitt 14.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

Beginning on page 42, Jack Mann takes a long, mournful look at the decline and fall of batting. One of his findings: since a pitcher is no longer expected to hurl a complete game, at the first sign that he is losing his stuff in comes a relief pitcher, and as soon as he falters, in comes another warm body, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseum*, until the poor, beleaguered batter doesn't have a chance.

Well, the other day Kansas City beat Cleveland 1-0 in 11 innings. A real old-fashioned, danglong pitchers' battle, like in the days of Dean and Hahbell, and Mann can go soak his hypothesis? It was a pitchers' battle, all right—all eight of them. Sonny Siebert, who took the loss, worked a complete game, but seven (count 'em, seven) different men pitched the shutout for the A's, and not one of them had so much as an official time at bat. Bill Edgerton went the first five innings. Edgerton gave way to Catfish Hunter, who pitched two. Hunter was relieved by Ken Sanders, who lasted two and a third innings. Sanders was replaced by Joe GiZenda, who threw one-third of an inning. GiZenda went to the showers, and in came Wes Stock, who worked for another two-thirds of an inning (and, incidentally, got the win). Stock was taken out in favor of Gil Blanco, who faced one batter. And, finally, Blanco left, and in came Vern Handrahan, who hung in there to get the last out and preserve the shutout.

Way to pitch, gang.

THEY SAID IT

- Doug Weaver, Kansas State football coach, asked to describe his offense: "It's new. We put it in this year. So far, we call it ineffective."
- Dick Klein, Chicago Bulls president, on what he expects from the NBA's newest team: "I want a Chicago Bull to be a cross between a tiger and a water buffalo."

END



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SUPERMEN OF TROY

They all came out to see sophomore Bill Bradley light up the Texas sky, but Super Bill couldn't overcome a fierce Southern California team that suited up quite a few superlatives of its own **by DAN JENKINS**

In damp, muggy Austin, Texas last week a 19-year-old sophomore quarterback survived the biggest publicity buildup in college football since Pat O'Brien portrayed Knute Rockne, but his team did not. Super Bill of Texas did make the rain stop for national television, and he did score a touchdown, and he managed not to get hurt, but when, really, did anyone ever get the best of John Wayne? USC not only had the famed actor and ex-Trojan player on its bench, it had Super Troy, Super Steve, Super Rod, Super Rich, Super Ron and a whole lot more. So, despite Bill Bradley's truly marvelous stage presence and the hint that he may well become sensational in something more important than print, the final score was a lie: USC was better than the 10-6 margin by which it won an opening game over a tough, uncompromising team, and that means the Trojans are up there among the best in the land.

With Super Troy Winslow passing to Rod Sherman, his flanker, and to a couple of alternating ends, Ron Drake and Rich Leon, and handing off to Halfbacks Steve Grady and Don McCall, USC in the first half all but ran the Longhorns out to the L.B.J. Ranch. Coach Johnny McKay's deceptive, entertaining I formation, certainly the best collegiate offense since the split T, was seldom on better exhibition than it was

against Darrell Royal's Texans, who are known for their stony, even brutal, defense. USC drove 74 yards to a field goal in the first quarter and went 55 yards to a touchdown in the second, which Winslow himself scored. In between, the Trojans went 74 yards to the Texas four-yard line, but failed to score. The game was almost all over before Super Bill Bradley, a bona fide triple threat who did a great many fantastic things as a high school, freshman and spring-training star, could get his hands on the ball.

The 42,000 Longhorn rooters in Memorial Stadium probably felt relieved that USC was not ahead by as much as, say, 21-0 by intermission, because the Trojans certainly might have been. Texas as had had the football for only five of the 30 minutes played, and if Royal carried a copy of first-half statistics into his dressing room he must have thought they read like a letter from the Internal Revenue Service. USC had 14 first downs, Texas had four. USC had gained 211 yards, Texas had scratched out only 52.

At this point it seemed that if Super Bill were going to accomplish anything miraculous, he would have to do it playing middle guard on defense. "When you can't get the football for more snaps than we got it," Royal said later, "all you can do is wait until they shoot the gun and go congratulate somebody."

The game was far from over, however. Texas, a young team littered with sophomores—some super, some not—did some splendid adjusting during intermission. The Steers got a better rush on Winslow, and began to get the ball more often. They also got an old-fashioned running game going in the third quarter, and whacked out a 91-yard drive in 13 plays without throwing a single pass. It ended with Super Bill scoring on a three-yard end run that practically nobody saw because the fake was so nifty. There were 14 minutes left, and Texas trailed by only four points and now suddenly had momentum and somebody else besides Bradley for the crowd to gaze at—Halfback Chris Gilbert, another sophomore. On Texas' touchdown drive, Gilbert, a low-running, finely balanced young man of Lebanese extraction, had darted into the Trojan line on runs of 29, two, seven, one, 12, four, two and one yards (he gained 103 in all). And he had helped carry off the fake that sent Bradley into the USC end zone on a keeper.

While Gilbert deserved most of the credit for shaking Texas to life, his success was partly due to Bradley's mere presence. "We had to be ready to stop Bradley first, particularly on his wide sweep," said McKay, shortly after presenting the game ball to "Coach" John Wayne in the Trojans' locker room. "He'd hit a home run in every game

continued

Piet out but five yards farther up the field. USC Halfback Steve Grady, a consistent gainer against Texas, gives up the ball to a game official.



he'd ever played. We had to overshift our linebackers to the side of the field where Texas' flanker went. That's where Bradley could sprint out and run or throw. Darrell saw this and took good advantage of it. They ran Gilbert back inside the other way."

McKay had joked before the game that he was worried about his superdefense for Super Bill. Now he said, "Super Chris created a new problem. I called their touchdown play . . . told our defense to look for it, but the fake was so good it didn't matter."

Texas next got the ball again on its own 20, with a little over 11 minutes remaining—plenty of time for Super Somebody. Right away Gilbert squirted through for 13 yards and Bradley completed a pass for 16 more, and one quickly was reminded of Bobby Layne's statement about Bradley. "He's like Doak [Walker]. He's at his best when he's behind and time's running out."

Well, was he or wasn't he? The next thing Bradley did was lose eight yards on a sprint-out when USC Linebacker Adrian Young zipped through the burnt-orange Texas line unmolested. No, he wasn't. But then he caught a pass from Wingback Greg Lott for 13 yards, circling around a USC defender and fielding the ball like the shortstop he also is. Yes, he was. Unfortunately, he did not have another opportunity to prove he could run, throw or catch. It was fourth down and four yards to go at midfield, eight minutes left and time for Royal percentages. Bradley is perhaps better at punting than at anything else, and Texas' defense had stiffened. Kick them in deep, Royal figured, then don't let them out. Bradley did his part. He took the snap, gave a little jiggle as if he might run so his coverage could swoop down the field, then punted high and perfectly, 48 yards, to the Trojan two.

"When they brought it out of there, ramming it right at us and kept it for eight minutes, they proved they deserved to win," said Royal afterwards. "If I'd known we were never going to touch the ball again, I'd have tried anything on fourth and four at the 50, even a quarterback sneak."

Nothing pleased John McKay more

continued

Rod Sherman bungs through Texas line after taking hand-off from Troy Winslow (10), whose deft play kept the Longhorns on the defensive.







than the Trojans at that moment. "Texas made the right call. I'll guarantee you they're not going to get the four yards running, because we're up there in a goal-line nine-man line," McKay said. "They might have hit us with a long pass, if they wanted to gamble on it. But by punting, they had us right where we didn't want to be. I talked to Frank Broyles at Arkansas earlier in the week," he added, "and asked him what he thought and he said, 'John, you can't run into the middle on Texas. Nobody can.' And I said, 'Well, if we can't, we're in for a long day.' So now we've got to. I thought we won the game right then."

First, Sherman hit for three yards, then he literally pounded past a bevy of Longhorns for six more, and Mike Hull got the one yard that was necessary for a first down at the 12. There were six minutes left. Then USC did it again, getting another first down at the 27 on three running plays. There were four minutes to go. But the next three plays got only nine yards. With two and a half minutes on the clock and fourth and one on USC's own 36, a good defensive play by Texas, a bad snap, a fumble, a penalty, and Super Bill would have been in business. Shouldn't USC punt now? Of course not.

"I've got to have enough confidence in my offensive line to make one yard," said McKay. "or we shouldn't be out there." It made four yards, and Bill Bradley, who had gone in hoping to field a punt and run it to Los Angeles, came off the field to await another Saturday.

Seldom do sophomores come along who create as much pregame, pregame excitement—Royal says insanity—as Bill Bradley did last week. Most of them fail to live up to the unrealistic expectations, notable historical examples being Northwestern's Bill De Corvo back in the 1940s and UCLA's Ronnie Knox in the 1950s. But a few have, such as SMU's Doug Walker. Bill Bradley was surely the most raved-about sophomore since Walker in the Southwest Conference, and even though he had not played a varsity down his fame had spread quickly across the country as Texas prepared for USC.

Bradley, however, had only himself to blame for much of it. At 185 and 5 feet 11, a right-handed power and left-footed kicker, he had already proved he could

dunk a basketball with either hand, broad-jump 23 feet in his first attempt, play shortstop and switch-hit at the plate so proficiently that he had turned down a \$40,000 bonus from the Detroit Tigers. On the football field, he could throw with either hand, kick with either foot and, as one writer put it, "think with either brain."

Bradley had led his high school football team, Palestine, to a state championship in the wildest way possible. Trailing 0-23 in the last half of the big game, Bradley won it 24-23, putting the winning pass in the air left-handed as the final gun sounded. He had led the Texas freshmen to a 4-1 record by running 73, 46, 23 and nine yards for touchdowns and punting for a 43.3 average. And he had added to the scoring legend in Texas' spring game last April, when he raced 73 yards on a punt return for a touchdown the first time he touched the ball. One of the Texas coaches jokingly said, "I'll bet if you tipped off his shirt you'd find an 'S' on his chest." Longhorn Publicist Jones Ramsey said, "He'll always be just plain old Clark Kent to me," and Darrell Royal started having terrible headaches.

Bradley's name was in headlines every day last week, before the USC game. "You know," said Royal in the privacy of his elegantly paneled and carpeted office at the University of Texas, "this is the most unfair thing in the world. Bill doesn't have a chance to do what people expect of him. He's got to go out there on national TV against a darn strong team in his very first game and think he's got to be George Gipp or somebody, and all he really is a sophomore with a lot of potential."

Against all of the pressure, did Royal think Super Bill might be Super Flop? Might he fumble twice, throw a couple of interceptions and punt the ball backwards?

"Oh, no," said Royal quickly. "He won't do that. No sirree, uh-uh. I sure don't expect that. He can run—as smooth, controlled runner, you know, with instinctive subtle moves. And he can punt and he can throw. Not a pretty thrower, but he can get the ball where it's supposed to be. He's probably the most gifted boy we've had around here, but he's a sophomore. He's gonna throw away a lateral or two. He's gonna throw a bad

pass instead of taking the three or four yards he would make, and the reason is because of the pressure—because he'll probably feel like he has to score on every play. I do think that, once the abnormal pressure is off, he can become quite a football player. He's a leader and he's got poise."

Joe Bradley, the boy's father, a railroad dispatcher in Palestine whose orange cashmere blazer on game day stepped up dispatchers everywhere in class, had no doubts about Super Son avoiding real embarrassment. "He'll stay cool," said the father. "He's been competing for a long time, from the pee-wee leagues right up to this, and he's always done well under pressure. I'll tell you what I'm more worried about than anything. Baseball's his first love, and he's probably a better shortstop than a quarterback. I just hope baseball will leave him alone, so he can get his education and prove he can be a winning quarterback for Texas."

Super Bill himself, a round-faced, burr-haired, bright-eyed fellow who is usually faster with answers than most seniors, appeared extremely calm and confident in the hours leading up to his debut. He said all he could do with his left hand was cut and all he could kick with his right foot was the ground. As for people gunning for him, he said, "It wouldn't be any fun to play football if the other side didn't want to tackle you."

Bill was far short of super when he finally left the field. His box score showed 43 yards on 14 carries, three pass completions for 42 yards, one reception for 13 yards, a three-yard touchdown run, three punts for a 46.3-yard average, one throw-away puntout, one interception and one lost game. Close, but lost.

While he had not been dazzling, it was easy to see that he might be. The slippery running style was evident, as was the poise and there may be no better punter in college ball. And, after all, he has at least 29 more games to play for Texas.

Gracious John McKay said it best. "He's terrific. He couldn't have played a better game, considering the buildup and the pressure."

Well, he could have, of course. But then John Wayne would have had to come off the USC bench. **END**

Bill Bradley, here trying to pick his way through a solid wall of Trojans, did everything for Texas but play middle linebacker on defense.

THE DODGERS SCENT A PENNANT

Pittsburgh came into Los Angeles for a key series, lost two big games to Dodger speed, luck and pitching and left Chavez Ravine looking like a loser. The Pirates had 14 games to go, but hope was running out **by JACK MANN**



Although injuries keep him from being the base-stealer he was a few seasons ago, Maury Wills still epitomizes the Dodgers' hard-running attack

Donn Clendenon stood at the door of the Biltmore Hotel holding a heavy attache case. It was loaded with books, and he was going out to the UCLA law library to beat them. That would make him one of the few Pittsburgh Pirates who would beat anything in this terrible terminal series in Los Angeles, and he knew it, knew it as well as Manager Harry Walker on a television interview two days earlier, telling of the fundamentals he would teach next spring, "if we don't make it this year." And as well as the rest of the Pirates the night before on the quiet bus ride to Dodger Stadium. They are a garrulous band normally, but the creeping realization that your campaign is hopeless is not a normal feeling. They knew the horrors that could befall them in Chavez Ravine, and the honors befall them.

"I think we still have a pretty good chance," Clendenon said. He didn't need any more graduate work to figure out that the National League's annual chariot race—at least as far as it concerned the Pirates—had come to a whimpering end. A really analytical first baseman might have pinpointed the precise moment the Pirates' coach turned into a pumpkin: 9:25 p.m. P.D.T., on Thursday, Sept. 15, when Andre Rodgers lifted a routine fly ball to Willie Davis for the third out in the fifth inning. Never mind the inevitable, noisy, belated rush. The decision was made when the Pirates looked the Dodgers dead in the eye, and turned away.

The Dodgers' five-run first inning in the series opener had been cruel and unusual, as gory as a bullfight with dull tools. But if there was fire in the ashes of the Pirates' hopes, Rodgers had the

last chance to make it flame. If Don Drysdale was going to come unglued and blow a 5-1 lead, this was the time to strike: two outs and a runner at second. Rodgers batted, hung in there, wouldn't give in and all the other cliches, going to a 2-2 count and fouling off four. But then he fled out and the party was over. The Dodgers were only two and a half games ahead and the Pirates had 16 to play, but Friday night it would be Sandy Kousser, and Saturday wouldn't matter.

A man, or a political party or an army or a baseball team, has two basic ways to accept defeat: face the fact of inferiority or make excuses. And the galling, nibbled-to-death-by-pygmies kind of defeat the Dodgers inflict on people is hard to take.

"They have a few good players," Clendenon said. "and Alton is a real good manager. But I don't know. They

have to be the ungodliest luckiest team alive." Alvin O'Neal McBean, the closest thing to an angry young man on the Pirates' roster, is less charitable. "I hate to lose to them," he growled. "It's like being beaten by a Triple-A team. It really tees me off, guys like Lefebvre and Parker and Kennedy getting all that publicity about how great they are."

"Oh, brother, the publicity," McBean snarled. "All I care about in this game is money. That's what gripes me, those Ping-Pong huters getting all that money. They aren't even big-leaguers."

"It doesn't hurt us that they feel that way," Manager Walter Alston said. "We need their mistakes to win. If they get shook up about the way we play, it might help."

The agonizing, insulting live-run ordeal Thursday night began when Dick Schofield, among the most marginal of big-leaguers, caught Vernon Law's pitch on the end of his bat and sliced a soft line drive into left field. Willie Davis, the normalking man, swung freely, as usual, and fled to centerfield for the second out. It seemed that the Pirates' star would remain reachable for one more inning.

But Ron Fairly, one who resents the "lucky" label, lined an even softer single to left, and Schofield went to second. Jim Lefebvre, who was going to be the only Dodger to hit a baseball hard all night, but not until the eighth inning, dropped a broken-bat single into center field for a run, and Fairly, who can't run, made third. Harry Walker trotted out to the mound and Law, the Mormon deacon, reassured him that this, too, would pass.

Lou Johnson, who had had Triple-A stamped on him until Tommy Davis broke a leg and there wasn't anybody, hit one off the end of his bat, too, a fly ball Roberto Clemente couldn't reach in the right-field corner. Two bases. 2-0, runners at second and third. In came Billy O'Dell, the veteran left-hander, to pitch carefully to John Roseboro. Very carefully, because the next batter would be Wes Parker, he of the .246 average and the many strikeouts. Roseboro walked, but O'Dell did his job, getting Parker to pound the ball onto the grass. It was a little tough—in the hole—but Gene Alley is the best shortstop in base-

ball, with sure hands and a .30-06 arm that has given the Pirates' pitching staff an aura of class that it does not really have. Alley caught the ball and dropped it. Everybody safe, and it's 3-0.

O'Dell got Don Drysdale to pound the ball on the ground, too. Hard. Third baseman Bob Bailey cut in front of Alley, leaped a foot off the ground to take the high hop and wondered, on the way down, what to do with it. He threw to second. Safe. Now it's 4-0.

With Maury Wills at bat, the veteran O'Dell began his delivery and stepped. Bulk. 5-0. O'Dell ran to the plate and screamed at the umpire. Walker did not come out to scream with him. "I've given up on that," Harry said wearily. "It doesn't do any good."

On the bus ride back to the hotel the Pirates were quiet and relaxed, the way a team gets when it knows that soon the pressure will be off. A teammate asked O'Dell about the balk, and he shrugged. "The umpire reached up to adjust his mask," he said. "and I thought he was calling time out." So he stepped. Somebody must have told O'Dell when he was starting out in high school that you follow through, just in case there really isn't time out. If time has been called, it's not a pitch and nothing is lost.

Sometimes when all things are equal in a tight stretch race the team with the veterans figures to win, because veterans make fewer mistakes, but sometimes it doesn't work out that way. The rock of the evening was pulled by Bill Mazeroski, a virtuoso of second base and as professional as they get. It went unnoticed because it did not lead to a run, but Maz tried to get cute and goofed.

With Lou Johnson at first and one out, Roseboro lifted a pop fly to short right center. Maz never moved his hands from his knees. He gazed up at the ball as it went over his head. It's a hush play, but sometimes it works. You know the ball will be caught, so you con the runner into thinking it won't; maybe he'll go too far toward second and be doubled.

The charade lasted a brief part of a second, and then Mazeroski suddenly turned tail and fled frantically toward the ball dropping in the outfield. "Yeah, I was trying to fake him," he said, "but then I thought, 'Maybe that ball *won't* be caught.' " It was caught, and Mazeroski got off the hook, but it was caught only because Matty Alou ran a sixteenth of a mile from center field and got it at his knees. Few noticed, but it was a bad play by the usually impeccable second baseman, and it was symptomatic

continued



Sweet Lou Johnson and carefree Dick Stuart are two castoffs who have helped Los Angeles

of the way the Pirates were doing in Dodger Stadium.

Harry Walker was talking about the breaks, but Ron Fairly said, "I wish that someday we might get the credit we deserve: for being a well-balanced ball club. They say we don't hit home runs. Who the hell does in this ball park?"

The Dodgers are getting some credit. "I admire them," Pirate Catcher Jim Pagan said. "For playing the only way they can win in that ball park. They had a big adjustment to make, and they made it."

"We win," said Sandy Koufax, "because we stay in the game. We get one or two runs behind, but never more than that. It's tough on a pitcher, waiting for our runs to come, but you learn to live with it. We have to keep it close so the other guys can win it."

In the ninth inning of the Tuesday debacle Roberto Clementie homered and Willie Stargell hit a four-wood into the right-field bleachers to finish Drysdale. But there was no panic, because the

Pirates' pitchers and fielders had let the game get out of control early. "And we have that bullpen," Koufax said. "That's a beautiful thing to have. It takes pressure off you." Phil Regan came in and threw one pitch—guess which one—and the game was over.

"That 'lucky' business bothered me awhile in '63," said Catcher John Roseboro, "but no more. We are exactly as they describe us. We are lucky, we scramble and our defense is adequate. We won't make many mistakes, and we profit by the other people's mistakes. That's being lucky, I guess. We win."

On Saturday the Dodgers made some pretty heinous mistakes, and the Pirates got some breaks, like Clemon hitting the foul pole for a three-run homer. The pitching, the Dodgers' only unquestioned attribute, had perhaps its worst day all year. So the Pirates did salvage a game, and they were only two and a half behind again and the impossible dream was possible again. But you couldn't tell they were winners from the

way they walked off the field or the way they talked in the clubhouse. The Dodgers had made some more believers.

Still, they hadn't sold McBean anything. He had pitched three innings in the last game on Thursday night and he hummed the ball as he hasn't hummed it very often this year, one soft single in three innings. "I've been accused of hearing down only against the Dodgers," he said the next morning. "And maybe that's right, because they tee me off. But you've got to throw hard against those Punch-and-Judy hitters. You're doing them a favor if you throw them anything but hard. I knocked the bats out of their hands last night, and I'll do it again tonight if I'm needed."

He did, too. He hummed the old seed for two innings: one hit, followed by a double play that nobody but Alley and Mazeroski could have made. It was his revenge on the teenagers of Alvin O'Neal McBean, but it wasn't sweet. It was too late, and nothing was sweet any more.

SAN FRANCISCO: 'THIS RACE IS NOT OVER YET BY A LONG SHOT'

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Last Saturday afternoon Herman Franks, manager of the San Francisco Giants, sat in his office with his cap on backward, a cigar in his mouth, a drink in his hand and his ample forehead covered with wrinkles. The entire week had been bewildering for Herman and his Giants. Just a few minutes before they had escaped, at least temporarily, from an early September burial in the National League pennant race by winning a dramatic game from the New York Mets after they apparently had lost it. Herman seemed emotionally exhausted—an extraordinary thing for a man who tries very hard never to be emotional.

Suddenly he picked up his desk phone and called the press box, in which many of his closest friends do not sit. "What's going on down in Los Angeles?" Franks asked. When he was told that the Pittsburgh Pirates were leading the Los Angeles Dodgers 9-3 in the bottom of the eighth inning a small light of hope came to Herman's tan eyes.

"What games these have been," he said. "What games. This thing will kill you. But there is no way that a team in the National League can, all of a sudden,

just pull away like the Dodgers have seemed to be doing these last few days. No, this race is not over yet. Not by a long shot."

Headline writers and statisticians did not agree with Herman. GIANTS' SEPTEMBER SONG, read one headline; FORGET SERIES, said another. People kept pointing to the loss column, where the Giants were in serious trouble, and to the fact that they were playing pretty stupid baseball and wasting good pitching. For two weeks the Giants had made the very least out of a long home stand, while the hated Dodgers were running off with 13 of 16 games. But last week Herman and his friends played some hilarious and dramatic baseball. On Sunday they were in third place, three games behind, with 12 games remaining, and neither headline writers, statisticians or fans could figure out for sure what they were about to do.

San Francisco's confusing and emotional week started toward its climax on Wednesday afternoon, when the Giants played the Philadelphia Phillies at Candlestick Park. It was a beautiful afternoon, yet only 8,328 fans paid their way

to see the game. "The Phillies," a Giant executive tried to explain, "never draw well." Yet there was a feeling in both clubhouses that this was a big game for the Giants. They stood in third place, two and a half games behind the Dodgers and only a game behind the Pirates. Since neither of those teams was scheduled to play on Wednesday, here was a chance for the Giants to apply a little pressure.

The night before Franks had instructed Gaylord Perry (see *cover*), who won his 20th game of the season on August 20 but had not won since, to leave the stadium during the first game of the series with the Phillies and go visit Pitching Coach Larry Jansen, who had only recently been released from the hospital after suffering a coronary. Jansen had worked diligently with him during spring training and taught Perry, who had a lifetime record of 24-30, to throw a hard slider (and some say a spitball, too). He also taught him to take his time while pitching and to deliver his pitches from high above his head. Three weeks ago Jansen, while convalescing, had seen Perry pitch on television against the

Dodgers and noticed some flaws in Gaylord's delivery and timing. Larry explained this in detail to Perry. The next day, against the Phillies, Gaylord took plenty of time between his pitches, and he bent his back just as Jensen had suggested. In eight innings the Phillies hit only four balls out of the infield. But Richie Allen hit one of those, and it got out of the outfield, too. Philadelphia led 1-0 going into the ninth, and a misplayed triple gave them a second run. The Giants themselves could do nothing against Jim Bunning hit, in the bottom of the ninth, with two out. Willie McCovey managed a single, and the entire San Francisco bullpen was on its feet rooting encouragement to Jim Ray Hart to keep the rally alive. Hart, who has had trouble swinging a bat since he aggravated an old shoulder injury four weeks ago, bounced back to Bunning to end the game, and the bullpen crew started walking slowly toward the green exit door in the right-field corner. During the final innings of the game, most of the players in the bullpen had picked up baseballs to slam into their gloves or roll around in their hands, to relieve the tensions and frustrations of the Giant predicament. Before they reached the door three baseballs flew out of the hands of dejected Giants and into empty seats. It was a big game to lose, even though played well, and a man with a trumpet rose behind the third-base dugout and played a good, clear, heart-breaking taps. Instead of putting the pressure on Los Angeles and Pittsburgh, the Giants had put more on themselves, for a reason that people who only casually follow the Giants will not understand.

This year's Giant team is not really what everyone thinks it is. The general assumption is that the Giants have excellent hitting and little pitching beyond Juan Marchal and the surprising Perry. The Giants, though, are next to last in the league in batting this year, and their defense is only so-so. Giant fans now shake their heads about the trade that sent away Orlando Cepeda and brought in Ray Sadecki, because what the Giants have needed this season is hits and Orlando is hitting .307 for St. Louis. When the Giants do get runs they seem to get them all at once, but they have spent one-fifth of their season getting one run or less. After their 6-2 loss to Philadelphia they went out and got 10 runs the next day against the New York Mets, but



Frustrating moment came when Cap Peterson, the tying run, tried to stretch his leg into a triple.



The distressed Peterson was an easy out at third, but Willie McCovey followed with a home run.





Pitcher Juan Marichal, covering first base on a close play, could not hold a burned throw.



Catcher Tom Haller, bare out at second, failed to round his customary September hitting drive.

again on a beautiful day they drew nearly 6,000 people, the smallest crowd at Candlestick this season. One of the attractive usherettes at Candlestick explained this perfectly. "Bob Shaw is pitching for the Mets," she said, "and he used to be a Giant. It is very in and easy to boycott Shaw." Not half as easy as it was to hit him, and the Giants put the game away early.

Should the Giants end up losing the 1966 pennant, there is one game that they will never forget. It came last Friday night and was one of the funniest games ever played, unless you happened to have been playing in it. Ray Sadecki was the starting pitcher for the Giants. Sadecki's record is 3-7 since coming to San Francisco, and that does not make either the people of San Francisco or St. Petersburg, Fla., very happy. Sadecki used to own a coffee shop in St. Pete, and every time he won a game the old folks would scramble off the green benches on Central Avenue and head for it because coffee was on the house. Despite a bad year, he has been saving money on coffee, and he has not lost his sense of humor. Pasted above his dressing cubicle are small signs, many of which he put up himself. *WHY IS LIFE SO BURNING AWAKENING*; one says, *MY MIND IS MADE UP. DON'T CONSUME ME WITH FACTS*; is another, and a large one reads, *KEEP SMILING*.

The very first hitter Sadecki faced on Friday tripled, and the Mets quickly picked up a run. Then odd things began to happen at Candlestick. The fog came in in large clumps, and it was difficult to see the outfielders. The wind kept blowing the caps from the players' heads, and their faces became sandblasted. Third basemen from both sides started back to catch pop flies, only to have them caught by the catcher standing near home plate. With San Francisco a run behind, Tito Fuentes bounced to Second Baseman Ed Bressoud to open the sixth inning. When Bressoud threw wild to first Fuentes spun around to third and, when they realized the Mets had left home plate unguarded, the Giants screamed at Fuentes to score. But Tito never budged toward the plate. After a walk put runners at first and third, Mays hit back to Jack Fisher, Fuentes found himself trapped and a fog rally died. The fog virtually cleared the fog.

The Giants managed to score later and led 3-2 entering the ninth, only to

lose in spectacular fashion. The ultimate winning run belonged to 22-year-old Bud Harrelson, a lifelong Giant fan who is a rookie shortstop for the Mets. Harrelson, who comes from Hayward, Calif., still roots for the Giants—“unless we’re playing them,” he says. He tripled with two out in the ninth, and Met Third Base Coach Whitely Herzog called him aside as Giant Pitcher Lundy McDaniel came on from the bullpen. “If he doesn’t look over at you before he starts to wind up,” said Herzog, “go.” McDaniel did not look at third as he went into his windup, and Harrelson streaked toward the plate. But he did not get a good jump, and McDaniel saw him from the corner of his eye. Catcher Tom Haller had signaled for a curve, but when a runner is trying to steal home the pitcher must throw a fast ball. Confused by the spin on the ball, Haller felt it skid off his glove, and Harrelson was safe. Again the huss was tremendous, and after the game the Giants sat on their stools in

the clubhouse in a silence twice as thick as the fog.

The loss pushed the Giants four games behind Los Angeles and also caused Manager Franks to change his plans to gain ground later on. Herman had decided that if the Giants could beat the Mets he could hold Marichal out a day and start him twice in four days against the Pirates. The Friday loss meant that Marichal had to pitch against the Mets on Saturday and, while Juan pitched well, the Giants played poorly and were behind 4-3 in the bottom of the ninth inning when they did the near impossible. With one man out, Cap Peterson, who had not gotten a pinch hit in his last 20 appearances, drove a sure double to left center field, but instead of stopping at second he tried to reach third and was thrown out. He knelt by the bag with his hands over his face, as Third Base Coach Charlie Fox gestured in anger.

Obviously the chase was over for the Giants all over. Hart came up as a

pinch hitter. Just the night before his injured shoulder had bothered him so much that he could not even take batting practice. A strong wind whipped in from left field, making the possibility of a home run extremely unlikely even for a hitter at full strength. With the count 3-1, Hart swung and hollered “ouch,” but the ball went hard and long through the wind into the left-field seats. Hart said it was the hardest ball he had hit in a couple of years, and the Giants had tied the game. In the 10th they won it on Willie McCovey’s third home run of the day.

The Pirates came to town the next day, tough and angry after their disappointing series in Los Angeles. But with the Dodgers losing on Saturday and again on Sunday, the Giants were still only three games behind Los Angeles. At virtually the same time last season the Giants were three games in front and they lost the pennant. Of course, as any gambler knows, long shots seldom come up back to back. **END**



Willie Mays, still the Giants' paramount star in his 15th season, talks to Manager Herman Franks as he makes a point as they discuss team problems.

WHEN THE BOOING STOPPED

The Cowboys' Don Meredith had grown used to jeers from the skeptical Dallas fans, but this sear music turned sweet as Meredith's brilliant passing destroyed the Giants and started Dallas toward a title **by TEX MAULE**

It was a sunny Sunday, and 60,000 and ten people went to the Cotton Bowl to watch the Dallas Cowboys underlining their claim to the championship of the Eastern Division of the National Football League. They were there despite a threat of rain, and they were so charmed by the Cowboys in their 52-7 obliteration of the New York Giants that three times they cheered warmly when their heroes perpetrated incomplete passes.

The crowd was not the largest of the NFL's second Sunday: Cleveland, where more than 83,000 saw the Packers beat the Browns 21-20, had that distinction. It was not even the largest crowd to see the Cowboys in Dallas this year. 75,504 had turned out for an exhibition game against Green Bay last month. But it certainly was the kindest crowd ever to watch the Cowboys and it may be deduced from this affectionate response that the team finally has been accepted by the most reluctant fans in NFL history. For six years, the Cowboys have striven mightily to capture the fancy of this football-mad city, but it was not until Sunday that they were reasonably sure they had succeeded.

"I think that does it," said General Manager Tex Schramm when it was all over. He watched the crowd straggling happily out of the big bowl. "The weather cost us maybe 10-15,000," he said, then laughed. "Already I'm spoiled. I can remember when I would have been happy to see half this many people here."

The team that the fans saw in action bore scant resemblance to the one that opened the campaign for the approval of the Dallas populace six years ago. On this bright, warm day, the Cowboys put on a brilliant offensive show and justified the contention that they have the fastest football team in the world.

In those early years, the Cowboys seemed a young team, lacking in power and the ability to execute, this time it was the Giants who were young. Abruptly, in their seventh year, the Cowboys have achieved the polish and poise of veterans, which they demonstrated early in this game.

The Giants, low on running backs and desperately in need of a surprise to compensate for a shortage of personnel, opened their first series of downs with a completely unorthodox, unbalanced attack that had only one running back behind Quarterback Earl Morrall and four receivers poised on the right flank, flooding the left side of the Cowboy defense. After the Giants had run two plays successfully from this set, Lee Roy Jordan, the young middle linebacker who calls the Cowboy defensive signals, ordered a time-out and trotted over to the sidelines to confer with Coach Tom Landry and Defensive Coach Dick Nolan.

"They were trying to force us into man-to-man single coverage on Homer Jones," Jordan explained later. "We hadn't seen them use this set before. We worked it out on the sideline and used a man-to-man and sometimes a variation that gave the corner back help from the weak safety covering Jones, and I think it worked out pretty well."

It worked well enough to limit Jones to four catches for 46 yards and the Giants' only touchdown. But, for a change, it was not the veteran Cowboy defense that won the victory; it was the Dallas offensive unit that was cheered mightily each time it left the field.

Meredith, who has been anathema to the Dallas fans for six years, had the best day of his pro career, operating for the first time with a full complement of high-quality offensive personnel. He responded to these unaccustomed riches

by completing 14 of 24 passes for 358 yards and five touchdowns.

Two of these touchdowns went to Bob Hayes, the world record holder in the 100-yard dash. Hayes, unlike most trackmen turned football player, has all the equipment a receiver needs: deceptive moves and exceptional hands as well as that unmatched speed.

"He may be the single most dangerous player in football," Landry said. He thought seriously for a few moments. "Well, with Gale Sayers," he added. However, Sayers probably is less dangerous than Hayes, because, as a running back, he attracts less attention than Hayes does as a flanker. Hayes's enormous value stems in part from his ability to distort an entire defense by his threat of catching the bomb. As an example, three of Meredith's touchdown passes were thrown to Halfback Dan Reeves, who is a fine football player, but who has only good, not great, speed. He is an elusive runner with marvelous fents, but he would not have caught six passes, three for touchdowns, had not Hayes lured swarms of defensive backs away from him. Hayes himself caught six passes for 195 yards. On his longest touchdown pass, he was chased by Clarence Childs, a very fast Giant defensive back.

"I wasn't worried about Clarence," Hayes said later. "I knew him at I lorida A&M. He was just a 9.4 man."

On one long, long pass, thrown some 60 yards in the air and barely out of the reach of the flying Hayes, the crowd's spontaneous applause was not interrupted by the incompleteness. Later they applauded an unsuccessful halfback option

continued

Swift Bob Hayes bursts clear on the kind of passing play that confounded Giant defense





play when Reeves, who once was a quarterback, rifled a long ball into the hands of Pete Gent. Gent dropped it. Late in the game, just before Meredith left for good, to ringing cheers, the fans applauded another long pass to Hayes that fell beyond the sprinter in the end zone. A shocked New York writer said, "These are the most loyal fans I have ever seen. They don't cheer for incomplete passes even in Baltimore!"

The kindness had been a long time coming. When the Cowboys played their very first home game in the Cotton Bowl, against Pittsburgh, a fractious crowd of 30,000 was scattered about the big cement stadium and some expressed their displeasure by pelting Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale, with ice cubes as they toured the field in an open convertible.

"After that, it got worse," said Schramm. "I never doubted that we would make it eventually," he says now, fat and happy with crowds of 75,000 and 58,000 and 60,010 already recorded this year. "I guess if I had realized just how bad we were at first and how long it would take to build a contender, I would not have been so complacent. But I agreed with George Preston Marshall."

Marshall, the owner of the Washington Redskins, had insisted that the Eastern Division choose Dallas instead of Minnesota when the league expanded in 1960.

"Marshall figured that the Eastern Division needed another big park in a warm-weather city," Schramm said. "He also thought Dallas was to be a good city because it was football oriented, with SMU and a big high school program, and it had no major league baseball team."

Marshall was premature. "Our season-ticket sale in 1960 was 3,165," Schramm recalled. "I found out the next year that many of those people had only been curious. We sold 1,914 in 1961."

Now season-ticket sales have passed 15,000. "I guess that's the smallest in the league," Schramm said, "but it looks good to me. It's not the only badge of success. You live dangerously with a big stadium, but the rewards are big when you hit."

As management suffered fiscal discomfort during the first years, the fans made life miserable for the players.

"They used to really get mad at us when we lost," Schramm said. "In 1961 we started off by winning three games and losing one, and we came home from the road off a 28-0 win over the Vikings. We were playing the Giants in the Cotton Bowl and we drew 41,500. I thought, 'Now we're over the hump.' Then the Giants tore us up, 31-10, and the next week we dropped to 25,000. Same thing in 1962. We drew 45,668 against the Giants, got clobbered 41-10 and the next week the fans were so mad only 12,692 showed up for the game."

"I was never booed in my life until I came to the Cowboys," Meredith said at breakfast the day of the game. "When it happened here I was pretty bitter. I guess part of the process of growing up as a pro quarterback is learning to accept the boos, because you sure are going to get them. I've got it blocked out now, I ignore the boos and the cheers. But that first time I wondered what had happened to all my friends in Dallas. Then I realized it wasn't my friends booing. It was a new kind of fan, a pro fan."

"This is the first year our offense has really been a solid one," Meredith said. "I can't blame the fans for getting on us in the past. For a long time, when we didn't have the personnel, we had to try to win games by fooling people. All I did was go out on Sunday with a list of plays as long as my arm and start a guessing game with the other team's defense. When I was guessing right we had some pretty spectacular wins. But when I guessed wrong we had some pretty spectacular losses."

The first glimmerings of affection became apparent when the sticky Dallas defense began to win friends. The emergence of a razzle-dazzle offense seems to have completed the conquest.

"First time I noticed the fans warming up was in 1964," says Jerry Tubbs, who is winding up a long and effective linebacking career back-stopping Jordan. "After we made a good stand and took the ball away from someone, we'd get a big ovation when we left the field."

"Those first few years, we were like strangers," he said. "We were kind of like a circus that had come to town, only not as important. Now everybody knows us. We belong."

Even Meredith belongs. "I think maybe they have decided to accept me as Don Meredith," he said. He is a handsome man and serious now. A reputation

for insouciant recklessness had contributed to the former boosings. The Dallas fans take football very seriously, and they expect their quarterbacks, college or pro, to be equally serious.

"I guess I came along too soon after Deak Walker and Kyle Rote at Southern Methodist," Meredith said. "Everybody, consciously or subconsciously, was looking for the Walker-Rote image, and that's what they expected of me. Well, I'm not Walker or Rote. Fin Meredith."

The image the average fan had of Don until this year was typified by an incident in the Cleveland game in Dallas last season. The Browns were leading the division and, of course, eventually were the division champions, but the Cowboys were giving them a tough game. A touchdown behind in the fourth quarter, the Cowboys drove to a first down on the Cleveland one-yard line. The 76,251 fans in the Cotton Bowl waited expectantly for one of the Cowboy backs to plunge into the end zone, but, unbelievably, Meredith passed over the middle into a horde of players, and the ball was intercepted by the Cleveland middle linebacker. The play took the heart out of the Cowboy attack and Cleveland won the game 24-17. As Meredith left the field, he was booed as never before.

In the *Dallas Morning News* the next day, Gary Cartwright started his story of the game like this: "Outlined against a grey November sky, the four horsemen rode again. You remember them: death, pestilence, famine and Meredith."

Actually, Meredith's call was not that bad. Against the maddened Cleveland goal-line defense, the Cowboys had only two plays on their ready list: the pass and a wedge.

"If it had worked, he would have been a genius," a Cowboy veteran said the other day. "In the same circumstance, I hope he tries it again sometime."

He did try it again against the Giants, as the Cowboys scored their third touchdown of the day. This time his two-yard pass to Reeves was good, and the stands rocked with glee. Earlier, he had had first and goal on the Giant one and he sent Don Perkins into the line four times, Perkins scoring on the last attempt.

"I thought about passing a little," he said after the game, grinning and holding the game ball given him by his teammates. "But we can run this year."

Indeed they can run—all the way to a championship. **END**

Off-balance but still fighting after long run, Don Reeves drives for additional yardage

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODD JR.

Miles from nowhere, out in Billy the Kid country, quarter horses compete (right) for the richest purse in the world, and you can still get a match race there for \$100,000 **by PAT RYAN**

THE HIGH ROLLERS OF RUIDOSO

It is a big land and rough, and it is a big race and rough. They suit each other eminently well. The country is New Mexico, and the race is the richest of all, the \$430,600 All American Quarter Horse Futurity, held each Labor Day at Ruidoso Downs. It is the *Hog Noon* of horse racing.

If the race draws as few people as Gary Cooper's gunfight did that day on Main Street, it is understandable. "The track lies 70 miles west of Roswell," says the 1966 edition of the track press book. That may be enough for anyone who knows how local hero Billy the Kid used to ride off in the sunset toward Turkey Canyon, but everybody else will need a map.

Roswell is actually the second largest city in New Mexico, with a population of almost 40,000. It lies in the southeastern part of the state, 150 miles northwest of El Paso, on plains so sparse that a single sheep pasture may be five miles wide. It is a silent country of dry creek beds and stony soil where the only noise is the whine of automobiles on Highway 70 bearing transients heading west toward the pine-cool Sacramento Range. In the foothills there are apple and pear orchards and alfalfa fields. And more than a mile high there is Ruidoso (pop. 3,500), a town of motels, billboards and neon, the kind of place that makes a

tourist feel at home. People settled this country late, and brought with them the temporary things of contemporary society. They built with plywood, used gaudy colors, parked pink and blue house trailers in the valley and sprayed turquoise paint wildly about, as if warning against the gray-brown land.

Not that the town always depended on a paint can for its color. For years Ruidoso (which means noisy in Spanish) had been wide open, a place where "they'd spit on the ground and run a foot race for \$10,000." In the Central Bar and Grill there were dice, roulette and, on occasion, Clara Bow in person, while out to the east, on the Miller Homestead, ranchers matched their fastest horses for \$50,000 or so.

There was hardly a week during the summer when somebody wouldn't pull into town from Carlsbad or Midland, get boasting over corn mash about the speed of his horse and end up broke in Mr. Miller's meadow. By 1948 there was even a race meeting of sorts. The track was a rocky incline and had no mud rail, and the jockeys' room was a clearing surrounded by hog wire.

"We had a lot of fun then," said an Oklahoma stockman the other day in Ruidoso. "I'd say we had a good bit more fun than we do now. I remember once matching horses for just two sacks

of oats and another time drawing so much money out of the bank that they told us to go down the road to the next town to get the rest. There was \$75,000 on that race."

Oklahoma Outman A. B. Green, who came to this year's All American Futurity with a filly named Barbara J., told of racing her dam for \$10,000 in a match out in the Texas brush. A.B. has always liked dressing fancy—at Ruidoso he wore a black silk suit, silver-striped tie, diamond stackpin, alligator shoes and Stetson—so when he heard there was a chance for action across the state line he put on his city clothes, hitched his trailer to his Cadillac and set off. When A.B. arrived, he recalls, "there was a horse under every blackjack tree. They figured I was a drugstore cowboy, so I got a match right away." But whatever they thought of A.B. they weren't going to take any chances on his horse. The Texans had a wooden, handmade gate, and they wired A.B.'s stall door shut. When the break came his horse jumped forward, but the door didn't open. Finally the mare bolted through and still won the race by inches.

This penchant for matching horse for horse, dollar for dollar, has long been a part of quarter-horse racing, although the sport has become big time, and many states, knowing they will not collect a





percentage of the money bet, forbid such races. These statutes have no more effect than Prohibition did. Even under the binoculars of the state racing commissioners match races are frequently held. Two horses can work out together from the starting gate during training hours, and who is to know if they are out for exercise or for \$10,000?

Last month in Ruidoso a Texas oilman announced at a cocktail party that he was willing to match his horse against any 2-year-old in the world for \$100,000. No one took him up on it, and the horse was beaten in an ordinary race the following day.

"Quarter-horse owners believe in their horses," says Stan Siedgar, the executive secretary of Ruidoso Downs. "They are willing to back conversation with money, and they don't ask odds like Thoroughbred people do. Thoroughbred owners have grown accustomed to getting odds from the pari-mutuels, and now they won't wager without them. With us it has always been horse against horse. That's how quarter-horse racing began. It is how Thoroughbred racing started, too, but they've gotten away from the original idea."

The first quarter-horse meeting with legalized pari-mutuel betting was held in Tucson in the early 1940s. The average purse was \$50, and the biggest stake

offered anywhere that year was \$100. Now the winner of the All American Futurity receives \$198,300, and the total purse offered for the Futurity is \$62,900 more than the richest Thoroughbred stake anywhere.

Other aspects of quarter-horse racing, however, have been changing more slowly. Many horses are still branded, and it is not unusual to see a flying I or a crossed J or the number 14 burned into a winner's flank. No longer is the branding done to discourage the horse thief at least, not always. Rancher Walter Merrick, who had a horse entered in the recent Futurity at Ruidoso, remembers trying to think up a brand for his stock years ago. He went out in the field and counted 14 head, and in one of the West's least imaginative moves he decided 14 would be his brand. When Merrick developed a fine strain of racing quarter horses they all bore that brand, and people began to associate 14 with quality.

Another thing that has not changed much is the closeness of owners to their horses. The morning of the Futurity, Chester Madden, who started a colt called Bright Rebel, was asked how he'd spent the night. "It was chilly," he said. "My bald head got cold." For several nights before the Futurity he had put a cot across the front of the stall and slept

with his horse. "We all do it," he said. "Anyone who has a good colt, it's not so much that another horseman might do something to affect your horse. But gamblers might lure someone."

The bright front that the Ruidoso track now presents has been fashioned by 53-year-old Gene Hensley, a stubble-faced promoter who bought controlling interest with some friends in 1953. As he explains it: "I'd been in the wholesale liquor business in Phoenix, and that'd been pretty rapid and I was looking to get out of it. Some guys heard about this rundown plant and came over after me. We bought control for around \$100,000. It was kind of a challenge." How much of one can be assessed by the present value of Ruidoso Downs—\$4 million.

By 1958 Hensley had decided to concentrate on quarter-horse racing. There was no way a small track could compete in Thoroughbred circles, and Ruidoso was certainly in good quarter-horse country. That year he announced the first running of the All American Futurity. The track put up less than \$10,000—even now it puts up only \$25,000—but entry fees have inflated the total purse. There were 522 original nominees in the 1966 Futurity, and their entry fees totaled \$405,600. Hensley, like the promoters of Thoroughbred racing's two biggest purses—the \$367,700 Arlington

FOCUS



ACTOR DALE ROBERTSON HAD AN ENTRY



LOCAL LASS WAS JUST A SPECTATOR

CHESTER MADDOX SLEPT IN A STALL



Washington Futurity and the \$275,000 Garden State—has taken advantage of the gambling instincts of horsemen. Owners will pay large entry fees to nominate untried yearlings and 2-year-olds for rich races, in the hope that their colts will turn out to be of stakes caliber. "The big purses these days are for 2-year-olds," Hensley says, "because you have to get the entry fees in before a horse is proven. When a horse is older, the owner knows what he's got, and that's the end of the gambling."

The purses in the All American have grown—\$202,425 in 1961, \$302,060 in 1964, \$419,460 in 1965—and so has Ruidoso. Private planes began landing regularly, and the airport runways had to be paved and lengthened. Pave the runway and you have to pave the sidewalks. They tore up the wooden planks that had served as sidewalks in Ruidoso for as long as anyone could remember and laid cement ones. In 1961 a dual highway was built through the center of town.

The race has had an even more startling effect on the quarter-horse industry. Although the quarter horse got his name for his speed over a quarter of a mile, by the late '30s there were many who did not have the stamina to go 400 yards at top speed. There is a saying that speed deteriorates into speed, and when two fast quarter horses were bred to each other the offspring might be faster but often could not carry the speed as far as his sire and dam could. The large purses offered by Ruidoso for 2-year-olds over 400 yards put a premium on stamina as well as speed. So quarter-horse men began breeding Thoroughbred stallions in their cow ponies, figuring that the offspring would have more staying power. Thoroughbred stallions like Three Bars, who was claimed by a quarter-horse breeder for \$2,000, began to influence quarter-horse racing significantly. Another Thoroughbred castoff, Top Deck, had three starters in this year's Futurity and was the grandsire of two others. Even Ncor, the horse bred by the Aga Khan who beat Citation four times, sired a good quarter horse.

The legitimizing of quarter-horse racing has made breeding these horses a major industry in states like California, Texas and Florida. In 1945 only 684 were registered in the AQHA studbook, but last year there were 53,000. It was no wonder then that, three weeks before the Futurity, Ruidoso found it still had a field of

73 for the big race. To reduce the number, eight elimination races were held over the 400-yard Futurity course, with the 12 horses who turned in the fastest times qualifying for the big race. One of the entrants turned out to have been given a heady dose of Ritalin, but he still did not run fast enough to qualify. And two others, one of them A. B. Green's Barbara 3, tied for the 12th spot in the field. This meant the owners would have to draw lots to determine which horse would start, but Green wanted none of that if he could make a deal. He went to the owners of the other horse and offered them \$3,000 to pull out of the Futurity before the draw was made. They refused, saying they thought they could beat Green's filly any day. All right, A. B. said, let's match-race the two of them for \$10,000, and the winner gets to start in the Futurity. His challenge was turned down, but A. B. won the draw anyway.

By race day the favorite was Top Ladybug, a sorrel daughter of Top Deck, who had recorded the fastest qualifying time (20.30 seconds), had won nine of her 11 races and had already earned \$82,337. The morning of the Futurity she stood outside her ramshackle stable. "It looks like she lives in an out-house," said a cowboy—and her owner, Marvin Barnes, appraised her confidently. "I don't think a horse alive can outrun her if she breaks good," he said. "I wish I could handle her in the gate myself. It has cost me \$60,000 already, because she got bad breaks out of the gate. I think in big futurities they should let a trainer start his own horse," Barnes was touching on a sore point. The start is as important in a quarter-horse race as it is in an astronaut launch. In a 400-yard race a horse that is left at the gate has no time to recover.

Anyone can come up with a good racehorse, as kings found out centuries ago. Consequently, the owners of the horses in the final All American field were as varied in background as the people who use a public phone booth. Movie Star Dale Robertson was one. There were millionaire ranchers and daymen, among them Californian G. D. Turnbull, who bought his colts for \$100,000 last spring.

But also from California came the manager of a livestock ranch who had brought a ragged colt named Searcrow that had been running in \$3,000-to-\$5,000 claiming races until five months

continued



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ago. He borrowed \$7,500 to make the entry fee and put the colt in the race. After all, 10th-, 11th- and 12th-place finishers in the Futurity collect \$2,000 each.

From Florida came Go Dick Go, who had been trained by Owner Joe Leitner in his 3½-acre backyard in suburban Tampa. Leitner, 38, a lithographer-pressman for Continental Can, bought his first racehorse for \$150 at the age of 18. Since then he has cared considerably more about horses than his work in the factory—pressing beer and coffee labels on tin cans. He has spent his free time training his horses and taking them to unofficial meetings around the state. Quarter-horse racing is not held at legalized pari-mutuel tracks in Florida, and when Leitner arrived at Ruidoso Downs three months ago, pulling his horse in a trailer behind his Pontiac, it was only the second time he had been to a recognized racetrack. The biggest purse Leitner had won was \$5,000, but he had hoped ever since he bought Go Dick Go for \$1,000 as a yearling that the colt would make it to the richest of all races. He did not enter the horse in the Futurity as a yearling, the way most horsemen do, but waited until Go Dick Go had won the Rebel and Florida futurities. The colt had also won some match races. Asked how much these races had been for, Leitner replied, "I'd rather not say. The purse is whatever we put up and what we bet on the side."

As soon as Leitner knew he had a good horse, his attention began to wander from beer labels. "My husband must be the sickest man Continental Can ever had," his wife Fay said before the All American. "If he needed to come out here to see the colt he'd have to go to the doctor to get sick leave. He's had headaches, ulcers, a hernia. You name it, he's got it." Fay Leitner often works as a secretary to supplement the family income, so if she did not take too kindly to her husband's hobby horses it was understandable. "I'd bet horses," she said, a sentiment any housewife is entitled to if she has five of them living in her backyard.

Leitner took Go Dick Go to Ruidoso early in order to get him used to the altitude and to find out just how good the horse was before posting the \$13,000 needed to make him a late eligible for the Futurity. After the colt ran second in a stakes race despite a 104° fever,

Leitner decided the Futurity would be a good gamble. How much of a gamble he never quite realized. When he periodically left Ruidoso to go back to the can factory he entrusted the horse to a 22-year-old trainer, Clarence Jay. Jay did all he could with the horse but finally had to tell Leitner that "the colt is broke down in front, and the only thing to do is try to hold him together." Leitner was still confident. He brought a jockey, Buddy Nesmith, all the way from Florida, because the boy had ridden Go Dick Go there and Leitner had "liked his style in the bushes."

The Labor Day crowd began drifting into Ruidoso Downs early in the day. Admission was \$1, and the best seat in the grandstand (which seats 3,500) cost only 75¢. A good many of the crowd of 9,000, however, just put blankets down on the asphalt apron and sat on pillows, or squeezed canvas chairs along the rail. From there they could stare across at the place where the infield lakes used to be until all the water ran out the gopher holes.

It is remarkable that so many people want to see an event that is nothing more than a 20-second charge down a straightaway. "I think they like the quickness of it," said a track publicity man. "After all, the West has always been a place of quick decisions."

Because 2-year-olds are erratic, and quarter horses, in general, are often fractious in the gate in their eagerness to be out of it, starts often leave something to be desired. "The stewards," Gene Hershey explained, "allow a little bit of hearing in or out so long as a horse doesn't wipe out the field." (How much latitude they allow was demonstrated in the Kansas Futurity raced at Ruidoso two months before the All American. The winner started from the No. 10 post but finished 400 yards later along the inside rail.)

The break in the All American, however, was so smooth it would have suited the stewards at Saratoga. Top Ladybug got the first call, and Chicamona, the filly in which Dale Robertson holds an interest, got the second. Go Dick Go, who was 8 to 1 in the betting, was fourth, as Scarecrow and Barbara J broke 10th and 12th and lost all chance. Ladybug held her lead for an eighth of a mile, but near the paddock gate Go Dick Go surged up to finish a head in front of Chicamona, with Ladybug third.



IN WINNER'S CIRCLE Tim-man Lobber Leitner stands proudly with his trophy. Trainer Jay (left) and Jockey Nesmith.

As the horses crossed the finish line, Trainer Jay came bounding up the race-track from the paddock. Joe Leitner, meanwhile, was running down from the grandstand, and when the two men met they hugged and swung each other around. Then, as the horse was being led into the winner's circle, there was a shout that resounded over the din in the grandstand: "I love you. I love you. I love you." It was Fay Leitner flying across the track in her brown slacks and gold lamé slippers. Screaming her excitement, she rushed up to Go Dick Go and kissed him. Then she kissed her husband. Then the jockey. Then he trainer's wife.

Later she stared at the All American trophy and said, "Would you believe we have a trophy case? There are five or six cups on the Leitner shelf already, and although the All American prize may be the shiniest, it will not be the biggest. "The management got a little frugal this year," one horseman said before the race, as he looked at the foot-high trophy on exhibition in the infield. "They used to give trophies that were six foot high, and you needed two men to carry them. I suppose this one has quality. They say it cost \$300 in New York. But quality doesn't mean so much out here. What we really like is size." **END**

A FAREWELL TO .300 HITTERS

Batting is a dying art, mortally wounded by night games, big gloves, scientific defenses, unending lines of relief pitchers and the unreasoning stubbornness of the batters themselves

by JACK MANN



Quit boring the kid by telling him you saw the last of the .400 hitters. That's fossil, Dad. Take the boy out to see Tony Oliva or Richie Allen. Then maybe he can bore his kid by telling him he saw the last of the .300 hitters.

Circa 1980, when old Richie drags his 38-year-old bones up to the plate for one last swing, he may be hitting .261. And he may be leading the league. The .300 hitter is dying and the coroner's verdict will be suicide. The patient may linger, but the curve on his chart clearly indicates that he is a terminal case.

Oliva led the American League last year with a .321 average, easily drawing away from the AL's other two .300 hitters. In 1936 he would have been tied for 16th. Ancient history, you say. Different game in those days. O.K., throw out 1936.

How about 1956, when everything was up to date in Cincinnati and the Reds hit 221 home runs? On Labor Day this year Oliva was stroking .311 and about to take over the league lead. In 1956 he would hardly have made the top 10.

In 1936 Johnny Allen of Cleveland, a 20-game winner, had the fourth best earned run average in the league, 3.44. Last year that would have given him a tie for 68th place with Harvey Haddix, who was 40 years old and won three games. But that was another era. Try 1956 again. That year there were three National League pitchers with earned run averages under 3.00, on Labor Day this year there were 27.

Have the hitters declined? Not really, but *batting* has. Have the pitchers improved? Not that much, but *pitching* has. Baseball is indeed a different game, and it's getting different every day, before your eyes.

"Every change that has taken place since I came into the league in 1956," grumbles Philie First Baseman Bill White, who grumbles as articulately as anybody, "has favored the pitchers. Bigger strike zone, bigger ball parks. . . ."

White's point is well taken (although it would be easier to take were he not, like all hitters, a co-conspirator against himself). By the 1950s the thinkers of

baseball had faced the fact that their pitchers were not about to pitch more innings than necessary. The complete game, once a point of honor, had become almost an ostentation, like tearing telephone books in half. Jokes about two-headed pitchers named Gomez-Murphy and Reynolds-Page were out of vogue. The "younger, bigger, stronger, smarter, harder-throwing, better-instructed" pitchers that modern general managers boast of kept peeking over their shoulders for help. The modern managers—still regaling each other over their beer about the way Hubbell and Ruffing and Dean used to "hang in there"—kept sending help. Outfield grass and the tertiary fractions of linotype machines wore out as a continuous succession of younger, bigger, stronger, etc. bullpen pitchers made a hitter feel like a fighter who must face a new opponent each round. "You figure," says Yankee Batting Coach Wally Moses, who hit .345 for the Philadelphia Athletics in 1936 and finished seventh, "that if you face a guy the third time you'll hit him. But you don't see

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a guy three times in one game anymore."

By 1960 the deck had been pretty well stacked against the hitters. In the name of progress, the outfield fences gradually receded and the schedule inexorably closed in. The strike zone grew, and the gloves, once protective covering for human hands, were webbed and thonged to turn clowns into magicians. Sinker pitches plummeted as see-no-evil umpires inspected baseballs for alien substances and found none. Pitchers who couldn't throw a big-league curve to save their lives popped out of high school with sliders. "Anybody can throw it," says Atlanta Brave Pitching Coach Whitlow Wyatt, "and anybody can get it over." Still the younger, bigger, etc. pitchers seemed to need more help, so baseball's thinkers entered into a great cabal to frustrate the hitters. "To defense," a barbarism propounded in the 1950s by pro football thinkers who found fun and profit in making their game more complicated than necessary, became a part of the baseball lexicon.

It was a conspiracy that could not succeed without the cooperation of the hitters, but they have cooperated handsomely. "Defensing" is only one of the reasons the .300 hitter is dying, and it is not even the most important (the most important is the profit motive: there's no percentage in hitting for percentage). It merely is the one factor that the hitter can do something about—and doesn't.

Defensing, essentially, is stationing one's fielders in the area, or areas, where the batter figures, on past performances, to hit the ball, and nobody ever had to be too bright to do that. It will occur, at length, to any dull-normal 8-year-old shortstop on a summer playground that Ricky hasn't hit a ball to the left of second since school let out, and he will shade Ricky two steps toward second. What was new, and is now commonplace, is the deployment of defenses according to a sort of vector analysis of the batter's Pavlovian tendencies and the pitcher's calculated capabilities or weaknesses in a given situation. If the batter allows himself to be the constant, it is an almost foolproof equation. It can work as neatly as it did in Shea Stadium one day this summer.

The Mets were trailing the Phillies 3-2, but in the sixth inning they had runners at first and third with one out, and

the batter was Cleon Jones, who had homered in the previous inning. Roger Craig thought he made a pretty good pitch, but Jones ripped it into the hole between third and short. There was, however, no hole. There was Dick Groat, who shuddered slightly as he fielded the screamer on one hop. He had plenty of time to turn it into a double play, and the Mets were done for the day.

Groat, from normal shortstop position, could not have reached that ball on the best day he ever had, and he was 35 years old. When Jones came up again in the ninth Groat played him three steps closer to second base, like the straightaway hitter he is. But in the ninth inning 24-year-old left-hander Darold Knowles, 11 years younger than Craig, was the pitcher.

"Well," Groat said reluctantly, "I know Roger throws that sinker, down and in, and I figured Jones might pull. Knowles's fast ball tails away from a right-hander." And Knowles throws much harder than Craig, who had hung on with a slider and acumen for the 10 years since arm trouble removed him from the fireball class. "Well, that's true, too," said Groat.

"Sometimes," says Yankee Manager Ralph Houk, "I look out at those defenses and I think, 'There's no way he can get a hit.'" Houk might, for example, be looking at the ambush prepared by the White Sox for Joe Pepitone, with the shortstop one step from the bag, and there might be a way. A man doesn't have to pull the ball every time. Former Yankee Manager Johnny Keane thought Pepitone might be a .300 hitter if he exercised his full powers. "He might," Houk says, "but I wouldn't especially want him to charge."

And Cleon Jones didn't have to take the Phillies' bait so eagerly. Had he waited he'd have seen Craig's slider on the outside corner, and a ground ball to the right side would have tied the score. But Jones had homered in his previous at bat, and so it goes. Like the overmatched boxer, tiring against a fresh opponent, the hitters flail wildly away, trying for the "big pop" that will compensate for a multitude of deficiencies. "Everything in sports today is the bomb," says Indian Manager George Strickland. "It's our way of life. Take football: they're always going for the long scoring pass."

The hitter who won't be defended can't be defended, but almost all of them will be. "The Dodgers have made it a different game," the .220 hitters solemnly tell each other, then carry their 31-ounce bats to the plate and try to hit the ball over the clock. The rabbit in the ball is the bait, and they chase it as unreasonably as greyhounds. And in most cases just as unavailingly.

It was suggested to Met Shortstop Ed Bressoud, when he first had a chance to become a Giant regular in 1959, that he could carry a highly respectable infielder's average of .270 or better if he stopped swinging for the fences. Bressoud said he realized that, but that he rather liked the "recognition" that came with a home run. After six irregular years in the National League he was .239 and an expansion draftee. And he had 26 recognized home runs.

Even such a superlative batsman as Al Kaline expresses the attitude the defenders like to hear: "Fans appreciate the man who hits the homer. So if you can hit home runs you have a chance to play every day. Fans don't know much about the hit-and-run, but they know that a homer is a run for their team."

Defensing does have gradations so devilishly subtle that neither the Kalines nor the Bressouds can do much about them. In 1961, when Houk was convincing Tony Kubek that shortstop be-

©Bressoud



THE HOME-RUN SYNDROME HURTS

hind Whitey Ford was one place and shortstop behind Roland Sheldon quite another, Phillie Manager Gene Mauch was studying the variances in his big left-hander, Chris Short. "When Short is right," Mauch says, "he's quick, and nobody is going to pull him. But in the sixth or seventh inning, if he's tired or he's going to the breaking stuff, you have to adjust your defense, maybe as much as six or seven feet. He's a different pitcher then."

How about becoming a different hitter then? Seeing the defense "cheat" toward the left as the pitcher decelerated, couldn't a hitter go toward the right, just to keep the enemy honest? "Groat could," says Phillie teammate Harvey Kuenn. "But how many hitters with his kind of bat control have you seen come up in the last 15 years?" Well, there was Harvey Kuenn, and...

"It takes a lot of time to become a this-way and that-way hitter," says Haddix, "and almost nobody practices anymore. Anyway, they're bigger, stronger kids now, and the way the ball jumps, why should they learn to hit?" Teams of scientists periodically prowled the Spalding factory in Chicopee, Mass. and invariably conclude that the ball is no livelier than the antebellum ball. "The hell it isn't," says Haddix, "and I'll tell you how I know. When I first came in the league [1951] I could squeeze the seam and make a soft spot. I can't do that anymore. Maybe the stuff in the middle is the same, but that seam is tighter. Maybe they sew them by machine now,

but it's tighter. And when we catch a home run in the bullpen, two-thirds of the time there's a mark on it that shows the ball has been hit on the seam."

So everybody's a swinger, and there's nothing new about it. There is, in fact, a historically supportable theory that the mile-or-miss concept is having its silver anniversary this year. One of Larry MacPhail's first moves in the reconstruction of the Dodgers after he came to Brooklyn in 1938 was to get Dolph Camilli from Philadelphia, and the second significant move was to reconstruct Camilli.

After leading the league in strikeouts in his first two years in the majors, Dolph had disciplined his swing and put together seasons of .315 and .339. But that wasn't what MacPhail bought. He would soon bring in Dixie Walker and Joe Medwick and Billy Herman to hit the line drives. Ebbets Field, you see, had this wall in right field. It was high, but it was only 297 feet away; the possibilities it presented for a strong left-handed pull hitter boggled the mind. If Jacques L'etourneur could hit 27 homers...

MacPhail, in effect, showed Camilli the wall and said, "Go, man." Dolph went. In 1938 he struck out 101 times and batted only .251. But he hit 24 homers and batted in 100 runs. Way to go, MacPhail said. His mind free of concern about his batting average, Camilli kept swinging, and in 1941 MacPhail's grand design was realized. Dolph whiffed 115 times and batted .285, but he led the league with 34 homers and 120

RBIs and the Dodgers won the pennant.

Home runs had been in vogue for two decades, but there was a significant difference. Up to then the long-ball boys had hit the short ball, too. Ruth had hit .356 along with his 60 homers, Hack Wilson .356 with his 56. In the 22 seasons between World War I and Camilli, only four men had led the National League in RBIs without hitting .300 (George Kelly, the first one, had tied Rogers Hornsby, who batted .370). Only four men under .300 had led in homers (Mel Ott in 1937 tied Medwick, who hit .374). It is in the spirit of truth to say that nobody had done it in the American League: Bob Meusel (.292) led in both departments in 1925, but that was the year Ruth was sick.

In any case, no hitter had ever been named Most Valuable Player without batting at least .300. In 1941 the entire Dodger outfield hit better than .300, and Pete Reiser, at .343, had one of the finest seasons a man ever played. But Camilli was named MVP, and a new vista was open. MVPs since then have gone to such as Hank Sauer (.270), Zulu Versalles (.273) and twice to Roger Maris (.283 and .269). The award also was packaged for the Phils' John Callison (.274) in 1964, before his team fell apart, whatever that has to do with his value.

Defensing and the slider and bigger ball parks and lighter bats and the livelier ball are all substantial factors in the metamorphosis of the game, but each of them would have far less effect were it not for that shift in emphasis from finesse to power. Because there is little premium in being a .300 hitter, there is little pride in it. Not only is there more profit in being a sweep swinger than in being a complete hitter, it is easier. Thus the modern player is in the happy position of being able to make more money by doing less than his best. They have even invented a euphemism for it: "getting the job done."

"Yes, I could have hit more home runs," says Wally Moses, who could still step into the batting cage and tattoo the right-field wall in Connie Mack Stadium when he was a 50-year-old coach. "But I'd have been a one-field hitter. When I played you either hit .300 or you weren't a good hitter."

Pepton, one of the leading one-field hitters of the day, epitomizes the modern attitude. Asked in the middle of 1965 what would be his idea of a really good

continued



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season, he said, "What the hell was wrong with the year I had last year?" Well, for one thing, you batted .251. "Yeah, but I hit 28 home runs, and I had more ribbies than anybody on the club except Mickey."

"That's a hell of a way to think," snorts Mauch. "What's Tony Gonzalez supposed to do, root for Callison to bat in only 60 runs so he can beat him with 61?" Nobody has accused Peptone of leading the league in thinking, but the attitude is not exclusively his. Eddie Mathews of the Atlanta Braves, a man of fierce pride and clear mind, has evaluated the hitter's objectives from a pragmatic viewpoint. "Suppose a guy does hit .300," says Mathews, who did three times and could have more often, "and he bats in only 40 runs. What good is it?"

What good, indeed? Houk wouldn't like to see Peptone spraying the ball as long as there's the short porch in right field, and Mauch, though he believes Callison could hit .300 and be more help to the team, isn't pressing the point. The Dodger management hasn't done anything forceful about Willie Davis' persistent swinging for the mountains, when Dodger Stadium's geography could make him a batting champion if he turned it to his advantage.

"Today," says Red Sox Pitching Coach Sal Maglie, "you handle the players with kid gloves." Joe Gordon, who watched his players break their willowy bats on dinky sliders, wistfully agrees. "When the game starts they forget everything you've told them," says Gordon. He was asked what he considered to be a good average for an infielder. "Two sixty is all right," said Joe Gordon, who hit 253 home runs but found a way to have a .322 season.

"The whole standard is lower," says Haddox, "and I mean the pitchers, too. They win 12 games and think they did a hell of a job."

"I don't believe," says Harvey Kuenn, "that they have any idea of going nine innings when they go out there." If they have, they shouldn't. At least one relief pitcher, and usually more, appeared in 97.2% of the 1,623 major league games played last year. There were 45 grand-slam home runs hit, and a bases-loaded home run is still supposed to be something of a rarity, yet there were only 44 games in which both pitchers went the full distance. Hoss Radbourn is rotating

in his resting place and Iron Man McGinnity's views of group-plan pitching would be unprintable, but whatever may have happened to pitchers it is a unanimous opinion in baseball that *pitching* is better. And not in spite of the fact that they don't go nine anymore, but because they don't.

"No, I will not hit .361 again," says Norman Cash of the Tigers who, of all people, may be the last of the American League's .350 hitters. "And neither will anybody else. Every time you look up they're bringing in a new pitcher, and one throws harder than the other."

"That's the biggest reason why nobody will ever hit for high average," says Henry Aaron, who has hit .355. "You don't get to see a guy three or four times anymore. I don't mean a guy weakens in the late innings necessarily, but you have a better chance to hit him because you've seen him. Now you just get a good idea about a guy and he's gone."

"The philosophy of the game has changed," says Groat. "A pitcher gives it his best as long as he can, and then they have a guy who comes in and closes the deal. Everybody has one these days."

"It used to be," says Mathews, "that a guy was in the bullpen because he wasn't good enough to start. Now they're specialists."

It is also a slim-majority opinion that the pitchers, individually, are improved. "They are smarter, stronger and better instructed," says White Sox Manager Eddie Stanky. "They throw harder," says Groat. "You used to go into a town and face two good starters, then one or two you could handle. Now every kid who comes up to the majors has a good fast ball. The scouting systems are bigger, for one thing."

"It's instruction," says Houk. "You can speed up a pitcher's development by instruction. Take this kid Stan Bahnsen we have. He's only 21 and he came out of the June draft last year, but this season he pitched and won in Triple-A. We had him at Sarasota in the Florida Instructional League during the winter, and that's when you can teach them. Cloyd Boyer worked with Bahnsen in the winter, and then we took him to Fort Lauderdale and Jim Turner took over. We accelerated his program, probably moved him up a couple of years. We didn't have instruction like that a few years ago. They'd send a kid pitcher to

Joplin, and the manager would be a second baseman. What the hell could he teach him? There weren't any coaches. You saw Raschi. Can you imagine what kind of pitcher he might have been with that kind of instruction? He was no kid when he came up, and he never had a curve."

Vic Raschi was 27 when he reached the Yankees, and in what remained of his career he won 132 and lost 66, for one of the best winning percentages of any pitcher since 1900. "He did it on guts," Houk says. "He was a great competitor, and he had to learn the hard way, all the way. He probably would have had a curve if somebody started teaching him young enough, and then what would he have been?"

"The whole game has become more scientific," Houk concludes, "except for hitting, and I don't believe you can make a hitter. You can straighten out some little problem a guy has, of course, but unless he's a natural hitter there's not much you can do for him."

Part of the science, Haddox says, is the exchange of information between pitchers. "They talk to each other in the bullpen," he says. "A guy will say he got a particular hitter out by coming inside with a fast ball. They used to not want to help much. When I came up nobody told me anything. I guess since expansion they're not so afraid of their jobs."

How much the slider has affected the game is moot. Wyatt (who discovered it by accident while "fooling around" with

continued



THE SPITBALL: AN UNSECRET WEAPON

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(Signed) Peter Hanson

Asst. Business Manager

Rudy York in a 1940 exhibition game) believes that in 2-0, 3-1 and 3-2 situations the slider resolves the pitcher's dilemma of "get it over but get something on it." Mathews agrees: "There's no such thing as a fat pitch anymore." The Yankee board of strategy, on the other hand, believes the slider is overrated. "Yes, I threw hundreds of them," says Pitching Coach Jim Turner. "But they were supposed to be curves. I say a good slider is a good pitch in the right situation, but how many good sliders are there?"

Whatever the merits of the pitch, it is most effective against sweep swingers who have committed themselves and cannot adjust to the slider's late, almost imperceptible, break. Here again the mile-or-less boys cooperate in the anti-hitting conspiracy. One reason is that they're using the kind of bat a self-respecting 12-year-old wouldn't have been caught dead with in 1936—that other era. (One 12-year-old that year was aghast to find out that Hank Greenberg's bat weighed only 34 ounces.)

"I'd say the average weight is about 30 or 31 ounces," says Stanky. "They think the easier swing is going to knock the ball out of the park. Instead they're swinging ahead of the pitch and their averages are suffering."

The slider may be given too much credit, at that. It is, for example, the explanation of Phil Regan of the Dodgers for his place ahead of Koufax and Mays in the earned run averages, after amassing a 4.49 ERA in six American League seasons. "I can pick up Regan's splitter every time," says Aaron. "Drysdale's, too, but it doesn't do any good. The umpires don't do anything about it. I don't know how many pitchers can throw it, but they all try. Hell, they throw it on the first pitch now."

Discussion of the illegal spitball has become so matter of fact that Phillie Phanatic Clay Dalrymple appeared on a postgame television show in New York earlier this season and casually explained the signal system he used to call for the spitter when Lou Burdette was with the Phillies. Angel Pitching Coach Marv Grissom, who never believed pitchers were boned by any Geneva Convention, is equally candid. "The biggest change in the past 10 years," he says, "is the use of the spitter in crucial situations. It's no longer a waste pitch."

But if the spitter is a reason why they

don't hit .300 anymore, Grissom sees a more important one. "The talent is too spread out," he says. "If a team can get a good concentration of hitters in a row, the pitchers cannot pitch 'around' one man. But with a weak lineup a pitcher can walk a man in a crucial situation."

Wally Moses says, "They don't mind walking a man as much as they used to, because they're afraid of the home run. Everybody can hit a home run."

"But," Moses adds, "I think it's the schedule that's killing a lot of them. It wears you out. It's not so much the idea of playing under the lights, but it's a night game, then a day game, then a tw-nighter. You don't eat the same time or sleep the same time or do anything the same time two days in a row. It gets your system all out of whack."

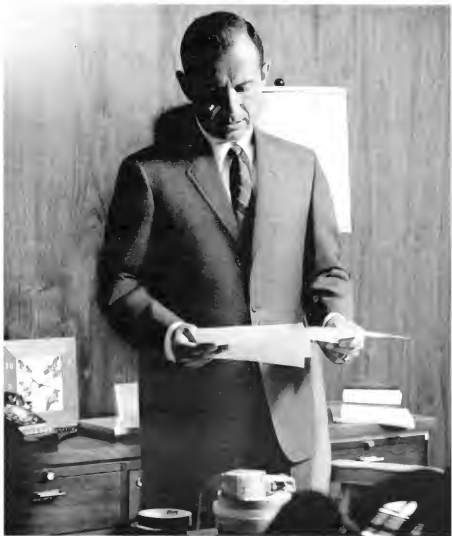
"It's still easier to fly than to go on an all-night train and play that afternoon," Grissom insists. Still, waiting around an airport until 1:30 a.m. after a night game, then waiting around a hotel lobby until 5 a.m. for baggage, does not give one a feeling of gracious living. (Pitchers also stand and wait, but most of them work only once in a while, and then only part-time.)

Many ballplayers, like many other people, do not like to fly, and some are terrified by the idea. Fear of flying is no more to be ashamed of than sunburn, seasickness or poison ivy: you get it or you don't, and there's nothing you can do about it. Besides, you're in the company of stouthearted men. Carl Furillo, the old Dodger, feared nothing that walked or crawled, but the man sitting in the seat next to him on a plane could feel sympathetic vibrations from his trembling, and his exhaled breath when the wheels touched was the sigh of a soul released from purgatory. The Giants and Dodgers of the middle 1950s each had a four-man "ground crew" that went by rail whenever possible, and Sal Maglie was a member of each. Sal did not refuse to fly, but he suggested that he not pitch for two days after a flight because it took him that long to get his nerves unwound.

The next time you see a group of ballplayers loitering around an airport bar, and you will, please be kind. Some of them will be killing time in the most humane way they know, but those two down at the end, drinking the doubles, will be administering anesthesia. If they didn't get half smashed it would take a

continued

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first baseman and two outfielders to drag them aboard the plane.)

Baseball will expand some more before it contracts, so one gets used to flying, like Jim Gilliam, or quits, like Jackie Jensen. Getting used to it, however, does not mean liking it. Gilliam may have logged more miles by now than Eddie Rickenbacker, but he hasn't joined any soaring clubs for off-season kicks.

Club balls do fly by night, and they will. Simple night games are hardly worth complaining about anymore. In 1956 night games were 38.5% of the major league schedule, and this year they are 57.5%. "No night games on getaway day" has been a solemn rule for more than a decade, but it has never been given more than lip service and it never will be, because the players have never done anything about it but grumble. The Baseball Players' Association is one of the world's weakest unions, principally because the owners dangle the pension plan like the sword of Damocles, and modern players talk more about security than they do about sex.

The owners in their infinite greed went on to contrive the two-night doubleheader, and the only people young enough to enjoy the apathetic nighcap of a two-nighter are those who shouldn't be up late. And now, based on the two-for-the-price-of-two principle, which was one of the late Branch Rickey's contributions to the game, we have the day-night doubleheader. The Dodgers played one on a Saturday in Atlanta on June 25. They also played the night before and the day after, and then hopped merrily on a plane to Cincinnati.

The day-nighter as an institution deserves at least passing consideration, not merely because of the contempt it shows toward all those wonderful fans, but because it raises an interesting legalistic point. The Yankees were playing a day-nighter in Boston two years ago, and a heavy rain and other sleepiness carried the afternoon game into the evening. As the clock passed 6:30 a command decision was made in the Red Sox front office. No inning of the day game would begin after 6:50. The matinee crowd would be asked to leave, and the evening crowd would be admitted for the night game, as scheduled. Even Mel Allen, with his agile logic and his intense loyalty to The Game, was hard put to rationalize it. "It wouldn't be fair to those fans

waiting outside," Mel argued at great length, but somehow it wasn't convincing. Baseball fans are like sheep and will stand for almost anything, but suppose one individualist in the crowd clutched his ticket tightly and refused to go because he'd paid to see a complete baseball game and he damned well wanted to see one. Would they throw him out bodily? And if so, what would Representative Celler say about that? One of these days we're going to find out.

It is generally assumed that night baseball per se does not affect hitters, because the lights are so much better. It is true that most of the dark corners have been eliminated, but it is also true that some of the lights are always out. Under the best of the bulbs, in Chavez Ravine, the right fielder still occasionally casts three shadows, suggesting that the men at G.E. have not yet improved on sunlight. "The lights are better," says Whitlow Wyatt, "but you can't tell me they don't make a difference. If I had a choice between pitching against a certain team by day or night, I gotta take the night. I'd be crazy if I didn't." And a manager would be crazy to juggle his rotation so as to show off a smoke-thrower like Jim Maloney or Bob Gibson on the sun. So they don't.

It might not be such a muzzy idea, however. Their second-line pitchers would seem to have a greater chance of survival at night, according to statistics sorted out for *The Sporting News* by Roger Paradis Jr. of Montreal. Here is how five of the game's best hitters performed beneath the moon and under the sun during 1965:

	SEASON	DAY	NIGHT
Oliva	.321	.339	.299
Clemente	.329	.349	.313
Mays	.317	.344	.288
Yastrzemski	.312	.324	.303
Aaron	.318	.329	.311

Bill White's argument that the "airport" size of the new ball parks hurts the hitters is only partly valid. First, while bigger outfields should mean fewer home runs, they should mean higher averages, leaving greater areas to hit the ball where people ain't. Secondly, all the "big" ball parks aren't really that big, because the owners still think small. If the playing surfaces of the stadiums in Baltimore, San Francisco and Atlanta were the size the architects intended

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them to be, a few batters might have to make adjustments and a few more .300 averages might result. But in each case the next step after the dedication of the cornerstone was the erection of a chain fence across the outfield, at a distance calculated to produce a "normal" crop of home runs.

"The trend is going to be the big guy who can hit the ball hard," says Kansas City Coach Luke Appling, who made 2,749 hits, only 45 of them homers. "The guy, the fan and the club like the home run, so the club pays for the homer."

"There is compensation for a guy who hits 40 home runs," says Gene Mauch, "even if he does hit only .260. Look at Dick Stuart. He could do only one thing, and he's made a lot of money." Stuart, whose advertisement for himself is that if you play him every day he will produce 30 home runs, hit in 100 and hit .272, was making \$48,000 as he bounced from the Phils to the Mets to the Dodgers this year.

The baseball establishment pays that kind of money for the home run because it knows that it is the only part of the game the average fan can understand and appreciate. It doesn't have to ask him: it just knows. A 1-0 game affects him like a lullaby. Haven't they been feeding him a steady diet of the long ball since Martin, Barton and Fish led the league in double plays? And doesn't he keep shouting up? Even the new fans in Los Angeles love home runs. They come out to Dodger Stadium every night, for a week at a time, waiting to see one.

There is a spectator who derives a greater charge from a fly ball over the 43-inch wall in Yankee Stadium than from a double steal. He boos an intentional pass, even if the winning run is at third with nobody out, and he thinks Dick Groat has failed when he grounds to the right side with a runner at second and none out. But you won't find him at the ball park if there's a good demolition derby in town. He's not a fan.

The fan prides himself on his knowledge of the game, which he loves for its very esotericism: none of these guys really understand baseball except thee and me, and sometimes thee seems a bit vague about the bulk rule. The fan tries to tell his kid about Billy Herman—you could hit him on the kneecap and he'd still go to right field with the ball—but the kid is reading on the back of a bubble-gum card about Jim Gentile, who has a

broad back and once hit 46 homers.

The fan said hooray when Maris hit No. 61, but he realizes that Lloyd Warner's 198 singles will stay in the book much longer—maybe forever—and he finds something sad about that. He sees that the 10th leading batter in the American League is hitting .276, and that doesn't seem right. The fan grew up in the 1930s, when they honored .350 hitters. In the 1960s he sees them honor .250 hitters. He has to wonder who's going to knock .350 hitters—as long as they get their ribbies, of course—in the 1990s.

The owners could bring back the .300 hitter. They could begin by taking some of the money away from the one-thing-to-sell sluggers and giving it to the complete ballplayers, redignifying those who took the time to learn their trade. The owners still weep into their Scotch about the good old days and make clucking noises about kids, nowadays, who won't be taught because they just don't give a damn. But they say their hands are tied because the fan craves the long ball. This is nonsense. It's the owners' ball and bat, and they have a reserve clause and a Supreme Court dispensation that says they can keep them and do whatever they want with them.

The owners could shorten the schedule, cutting it at the front end to obviate those frigid-digst ordeals held in April in all but four of the major league cities.

They could give the players an occasional Monday off, making up the difference by scheduling an occasional Saturday doubleheader for all those wonderful fans.

They could cut out a few night games, at least on getaway day, making honest men of themselves and eliminating those nocturnal odysseys that drop the players into the next town too weary to take batting practice.

The owners could instruct their umpires to enforce the rule against the spitter. Or they could legalize it, taking a psychological weapon away from all those pitchers who stand out there sloshing but really don't know how to throw a spitter.

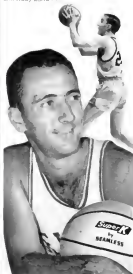
Or they could, very simply, call A. G. Spalding and tell him to let some air out of the baseballs before the next shipment. If they did that, everything else would take care of itself.

They won't, of course. They'll give away bats.

END

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The night they learned to forget the coach

For four years Louisiana State's Charley McClendon had tried to live down the memory of Paul Dietzel. He finally succeeded last Saturday, but not before Carolina's Dietzel launched a last-gasp psychological blitz

His blond hair gleaming and his garnet tie flapping, Paul Dietzel ran onto the field with his South Carolina football team last Saturday night in Baton Rouge and did not get, as he had predicted he would, "the longest standing boo in LSU history." What Paul Dietzel got instead was an emphatic defeat at the hands of the team and the coach he left behind five years ago when he deserted LSU for Army. The score, 28-12, came as no great surprise, nor did the scene, described by LSU Athletic Director Jim Corbett as "the most dramatic and emotion-packed night in our history."

In addition to being a controversial football coach, Paul Dietzel happens to be a natural showman, who, as Columnist Harry Mehre wrote, "loves the spotlight, regardless of the direction from which it comes." Dietzel built up the gate partly with his pregame comments, partly because he committed the unpardonable sin of leaving the vociferous and demanding people of Louisiana puzzled, hurt and seared. After seven years of him they had become accustomed to his strong handshake, his glistening teeth and even the national championship his team won in 1958. They feared that all that goodness would not linger, and the excellent record of his successor, a sincere, backslapping ex-assistant coach named Charley McClendon, ironically did nothing to ease their frame of mind. McClendon won 29 of 40 regular-season games, three of four bowl games and firmly established himself as the least-known successful football coach in the country.

When he left LSU, Dietzel mentioned that McClendon was starting with a wealth of material, which was true. But, in retrospect, Dietzel's most significant



IT WAS THAT KIND OF NIGHT FOR SOUTH CAROLINA'S HIGH-STEPPING DIETZEL

contribution toward McClendon's welfare was the revival of the LSU-South Carolina football series, dormant since 1933. One day in 1959, while searching for a softer opponent to open future LSU schedules, Dietzel, in conference with Corbett, decided to start playing South Carolina again. Games were scheduled for 1960 and 1961, and, after Dietzel left for Army, Corbett signed the Gamecocks for 1965 and 1966.

Then last spring Dietzel decided to leave Army in favor of South Carolina. The tickets for LSU's 1966 home opener with the Gamecocks disappeared so fast that none were left by late May. "Maui Paul" signs cropped up on car and store windows in New Orleans, Lafayette and Baton Rouge, and Dietzel fed the flames of distrust at interviews in which he said such things as, "Those people down in Baton Rouge have been going around congratulating each other that they're going to have a shot at that no-good so-and-so, Paul Dietzel, when he comes back in September." The week of the game he told the first of his regular Tuesday-afternoon press gatherings that "those LSU alumni have been growling all summer. LSU is not interested in beating us badly. They want to humiliate us."

By now the seaplers, who were the real winners, were getting \$100 a pair for game tickets, and the classified ads in the Baton Rouge *State-Times* were supplicatory: "Wanted, Two South Carolina tickets for 1959 Dodge in excellent condition." "For rent: two bedroom cottage on False River for two tickets to South Carolina game." The sports pages carried a daily *Countdown to D-Day*, and the head of the South Carolina athletic department made sure that there was no confusion about who D was. "They sure don't mean De Witt Clinton," he grinned.

Meanwhile, Charley McClendon was battling to suppress anything that might stir up the South Carolina players—something like 68,000 persons booing their coach. "Can't you see? He's doing all this drumbeating just to fire up his team," said McClendon. "Why, I'm surprised he ever thought he would get booed in the first place. People in Tiger Stadium are so concerned with their own football team they don't really care about the other one."

And through it all McClendon was working desperately to prepare his

young, fast and inexperienced team to play well enough to win the most important game of his coaching career. "You can't believe how much I want this one," he said after LSU's final workout on Wednesday. "I've worked under that man's shadow for four years now and, honestly, it's beginning to frighten me. It doesn't seem to matter that we've won 75%; of the time since I've been head coach and that we've gone to a bowl every year and won all but one. Regardless of what I do, I'm always compared to what he did or would have done. I keep thinking that maybe if I can just whip his briches this Saturday night it will clear the air around here. I've had to strive, oh, so hard to keep from over-coaching and getting my boys all tight. I've got my whole staff watching me for signs like that. It's just that I'll probably never get a chance like this again. And if I blow it now..."

McClendon's chance arrived on schedule. At 7:27 Saturday evening Paul Dietzel, clipboard in hand, gathered his smartly clad South Carolina team around him under the stands of Tiger Stadium, raised his arm, swung it forward and hollered, "Let's go." Just as it had been when he was at LSU, his team streamed onto the field and under the goalposts, but the boos he had been waiting for were drowned by the roar that erupted as, at that precise instant, the LSU Tigers raced onto the field from the opposite end. The only loud boos heard that night greeted the announcement that "alcoholic beverages will be neither

carried nor consumed on the campus of Louisiana State University."

The game that followed, though interesting, was a one-sided duel between LSU's racy running backs and quick, agile defense and the singlehanded talents of South Carolina Quarterback Mike Fair. With LSU Quarterback Nelson Stokley attacking Carolina's flanks at will, the Tigers broke to a 13-6 halftime lead that hardly reflected the edge they had built in the statistics. Stokley and Fullback Gawron Dibetta led the way in running up 215 yards on the ground against an outclassed Carolina defense. The Gamecocks, battling courageously, threw everything at LSU, including wildly jitterbugging defenses and a shotgun offense. However, their brightest moments came during a 76-yard drive for their first touchdown and when Bobby Bryant returned a punt 77 yards for another, which brought the score to 21-12 in the second half.

When it was over LSU had gained 283 net yards to 101 for South Carolina and had a 19-10 edge in first downs.

The overflow crowd of 68,000 cheered McClendon warmly as he was carried from the field on the shoulders of his players and as he leaned down to shake the hand of Paul Dietzel. But the warmest moment of all came inside the LSU locker room after his team had finished its postgame prayer. Captain Mike Pharis underhanded McClendon the game ball and told him, "This is from us, Coach Mac, and it means that we've forgotten all about Paul Dietzel."

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. NAVY (1-0) 2. PENN STATE (1-0) 3. ARMY (1-0)

Ever since last spring Boston College's Jim Miller had been working his team hard for the opener with NAVY. But, when the time came last Saturday in Annapolis, the big Eagles never had a chance. Coach Bill Elus had put in a new 1 to go with his pro-set, and Quarterback Jack Cartwright harassed the inexperienced BC secondary with flaking little passes to End Rob Taylor (he caught nine), while Halfback Terry Murray ran for one touchdown and scored another on a pass from Cartwright. The quick Navy linebackers, meanwhile, blitzed from a wild

variety of defensive fronts. They came at Dave Thomas, Boston's sophomore quarterback, in waves, and he never did get the Eagles in motion as they lost 27-7.

Not once did new PENN STATE Coach Joe Paterno let on that he had a secret weapon ready for Maryland. The Terps knew all about Quarterback Jack White, so it was no great surprise when he tantalized them with his slick rollouts and passes. But they never figured Penn State would score three safeties and beat them 15-7.

ARMY's new coach, Tom Cahill, got off on the right foot, too, against Kansas State. Tailback John Peduto ran 70 and 31 yards for touchdowns. Jim O'Toole, one of Army's

continued

alternating sophomore quarterbacks, threw a scoring pass to Halfback Chuck Jarvis, and Army won 20-6.

COLGATE dedicated its stadium to old Coach Augh Kerr and then drubbed Boston U. 34-0, while edged Villanova 14-13 while MASSACHUSETTS squeezed past Maine 10-7.

THE SOUTH 1. ALABAMA (0-0) 2. TENNESSEE (0-0) 3. GEORGIA TECH (1-0)

For a while GEORGIA TECH's Bobby Dodd might have had some second thoughts about his relaxed kind of football. Texas A&M, schooled in the "live-tough" theory by Coach Gene Stallings, led Tech 3-0 at half time. Then Halfback Leroy Snow reacted to three touchdowns. Sub Quarterback Larry Good played for two and Georgia Tech coasted to a 38-3 victory. Stallings was furious. "I've never been so embarrassed," he fumed. "I never thought I'd see the boys quit on me. We're going to be a good football team if I have to run every damn one of them off!"

It is a rare occasion when the Big Ten and SEC meet head-on and, after what happened to Northwestern in Gainesville, it may become even rarer. FLORIDA'S Steve Spurrier had the time of his life against the Wildcats, as the Gators won 43-7. Other SEC teams did well, too. KENTUCKY parlayed its improved defense into a 10-0 win over North Carolina. MISSISSIPPI took Memphis State 13-0. AUBURN belted Chattanooga 20-6. VANDERBILT outclassed The Citadel 24-0 and TULANE upset Virginia Tech 13-0. In a conference game GEORGIA overtook Mississippi State 20-17 on Bob Enser's field goal.

DUKE outscored West Virginia 34-15. VIRGINIA took advantage of Wake Forest's fumbles to win 24-10, while HOUSTON beat Florida State 21-13.

THE MIDWEST 1. NEBRASKA (1-0) 2. NOTRE DAME (0-0) 3. MICHIGAN STATE (1-0)

NEBRASKA'S Bob Devaney acted like a man who had just lost the national championship—again. His Huskers had beaten improved TCU 14-10 before 60,974 at Lincoln, the largest crowd in the state's history, but Devaney grouched about his team's lack of speed and a "lackadaisical effort." He also was disturbed by the way the ambitious Frogs, once they began gang-sackling instead of playing pit-a-pat, had shut off Nebraska's attack in the second half. But he was happy with the defense. In the last five minutes Linebacker Lynn Senkbeil recovered a fumble, intercepted a pass and then bushwhacked TCU Quarterback P.O. Sharkey for a 17-yard loss. "He killed us," wailed TCU Coach Abe Martin.

MICHIGAN STATE'S Duffy Daugherty was not complaining about anything. If Quarterback Jimmy Ray's passing was hardly

devastating, the running attack led by Clinton Jones and Bob Apina was, as State trounced North Carolina State 28-10. MICHIGAN'S Bump Elliott was happy, too. His Wolverines buried Oregon State 41-0 as Carl Ward and Dave Fisher each ran for two touchdowns, and Quarterback Dick Vidmer at last looked like the player everybody had forgotten he was supposed to be. FURTHER, with Bob Griese pitching three touchdown passes, ran over Ohio U. 42-3, while WISCONSIN held off Iowa State 20-10 and IOWA outscored Arizona 31-20.

Indiana and Minnesota, however, had troubles. MIAMI OF OHIO sandbagged the unsuspecting Hoosiers 20-10, and Minnesota's Gary Krombick picked the Gophers apart with his unerring passes (eight for eight). Charlie Brown and Barry Lochner ran them ragged and the Tigers won 24-0.

Colorado unhappily discovered what MIAMI Coach Charlie Tate already knew. Tate has his type of team—swift, poised and terribly physical. With Quarterback Bill Miller throwing two touchdown passes to Wingback Jerry Danner and an intimidating defense holding the Buff's strong runners to 46 yards, the Hurricanes won easily 24-3. Kansas got it, too, from TEXAS TECH 23-7.

OKLAHOMA'S Jim Mackenzie, rooting home Wingback Eddie Hinton on a 63-yard punt return against Oregon, suddenly froze when Hinton dropped the ball on the Ducks' 30. But it bounced back into Hinton's hands, he continued on his merry way and the Sooners won 17-0. "If that ball hadn't

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Steve Spurrier, Florida's do-everything quarterback, wracked Northwesters. He completed 15 out of 22 passes for 219 yards and three touchdowns, kicked two field goals, averaged 43.5 yards on four punts.

THE LINEBACKER: Mike Reid, Penn State's 234-pound sophomore middle guard, blocked a punt for a safety, sacked the quarterback in the end zone for another, forced one fumble and recovered one in debut against Maryland.

jumped up into Eddie's hands, I would have," said Mackenzie happily.

TULSA was up to its old passing tricks. Junior-college transfer Greg Baring threw for five touchdowns, as the Hurricanes stormed past Tampa 57-11.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARIZONA (1-0) 2. BAYLOR (1-0) 3. SMU (1-0)

The big game was in Austin, where USC and Texas performed on national television (page 20), but the big upset almost happened in Little Rock. It sounded like pure bravado when Oklahoma State's Phil Cutchin said, before his team played 18-point favorite

ARKANSAS, "We may not be the smartest or quickest team in America, but I'll say this: if we can catch them, there's going to be some contact." There was. The aggressive Cowboys, starting out of a raging 6-1-4 defense, actually outkicked the shocked Hogs and, with 14:21 to play, OSU had a 10-7 lead and needed only inches for a first down on the Arkansas six. But the Hogs stopped State's Bruce Scott cold. Then Quarterback Jon Brittenum began springing Wingback Harry Jones around one flank on quick pitchouts and passing down the sidelines to Fullback Eddie Woodlee. Pretty soon Brittenum rolled out from the 11 for the touchdown that sealed out Arkansas 14-10.

SMU's Hayden Fry tried he had to find a way to keep Illinois' first backs from going outside. So he prayed for rain (and got it), spread his defense to shut off pitch and option plays and hoped that Middle Guard John Lagrone and Linebacker Billy Bob Stewart would be able to protect the middle. They did—with 27 tackles between them—and the Illini backs rarely had any place to go. Quarterback Marc White ran for two touchdowns, sophomore Split End Jerry Levitas, the first Negro ever to play for the Mustangs, caught two scoring passes and SMU won easily 26-7.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (1-0) 2. USC (1-0) 3. STANFORD (1-0)

Take it from Phil Coach Dave Harb. UCLA is better than last year, Quarterback Gary Beban is "the best" and Halfback Mel Farr, well, he is merely sensational. Harb reached these conclusions at first hand. The Bruins clawed his bootless Panthers almost to death, 57-14. Beban and Farr accounted for six touchdowns before they turned the action over to the scrubs. What does UCLA's Tommy Prothro think? He just grins and says, "It's pretty hard to evaluate things when they're so lopsided."

WASHINGTON'S Jeff Owens, whose offense has always been about as far out as schmalz, surprised Idaho with passes, counters, options, draws and pitchouts as the Huskies won 19-7. CALIFORNIA, almost as resourceful, relied on long runs to whip Washington State 21-6. Wayne Stewart started WSU's downfall with a 71-yard pass interception. Don Guest ran back a WSU field-goal attempt 108 yards and Jerry Bradley sprang 73. STANFORD, however, had to rally in the last quarter to overtake stubborn San Jose State. Sophomore Quarterback Gene Washington ran for a touchdown, then passed 31 to Bob Conrad for another, and the Indians won 25-21.

WYOMING'S Rick Egloff caught Air Force with its pass defenses down and threw over it twice to give the Cowboys a 13-0 victory. NEW MEXICO'S Rick Beidler did the same to Utah State, and the Lobos won 17-8. **END**

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All week the press has been awash in rumors from Italy of a **Marciano** comeback—the unbeaten heavyweight was in training, he was going to take on Cassius Clay. Now the shocking truth is out. The rumors were a plant. "I have come to Italy to please my mother," Rocky says. "She wanted me to go and visit the St. Anthony Institute for Orphaned Children in Padua." Rocky will plan with the institute's director for what he hopes will be the "greatest orphan children's center in the world," and any publicity about a "comeback" is not going to do a future fund-raising campaign any harm. As for his being in training, that is true enough. "I could no longer bear my wife saying I looked like a retired beaver." An effort to please one's wife, one's mother and a lot of orphans seems to be as worthwhile an endeavor as an effort to fatten Cassius Clay, and, anyway, 43 is no age for a white hope, even if he has just lost 20 kilos.

While Marciano plans an orphanage in Italy, some other ex-fighters are off on more sophisticated—but not necessarily more worthy—tangeres. Former Heavyweight Champion

Joe Louis (below left) is greeting people at the Pigalle Sporting Club in London's West End, and Lou Nova, who fought him for the title in 1941, is making a movie in Hollywood. Louis, who has just come from Germany, is drifting among the gaming tables looking moderately suave and moderately urbane, obliging guests with reminiscences of the Schlesing fight and analyses of Clay's showing against Mildenberger. Nova is playing the No. 1 challenger in *Thoroughly Modern Mälo*, which sounds like an artistically unfulfilling role for a man who used to give readings of his own poetry and was famed for his rendition at Carnegie Hall of Alfred Noyes's *The Highwayman*. Actually, Nova may be relieved to be out of the recurring game. A former Golden Glover, Philip Kneale, is reported to have memorized Dante's *Divine Comedy* and is to be planning to unchain a one-man, six-hour performance thereof.

Horseplayers everywhere nodded approval when they read that General **Omur Bradley** had elected to take his bride last week straight from the ceremony to the Del Mar track, but they won't approve of his admission that "we weren't concentrating on the horses." As served such frivolous honors right, they lost on every race but one and backed that single winner only because she flustered Mrs. Bradley, as she confessed later, "gave the wrong number at the window."

Frederick Archibald Warner, Britain's 48-year-old ambassador to Laos, says that he does not engage in athletics, but a close friend has let it slip that, in fact, the ambassador sometimes plays a game of badminton and, every so often, a rubber of bridge. Well, the time may have come to examine the conditioning value of one or both of these pursuits. Laos' Mekong River overflowed re-

cently, and the former Premier, **Prince Boun Oum**, gazed in dismay across the flood waters that roared between his residence and the British embassy. Boun Oum wanted to ask Warner for British medical aid for the villagers in the south, but the Prince could not make it to the ambassador and there seemed to be no way for the ambassador to make it to the Prince. However, one must never underestimate the country that invented the tea cozy: the next day Boun Oum emerged to find His Excellency descending from a helicopter on a rope. The down-draft flattened the Prince's bushes and caught the Prince's washing—voluminous trousers, pajamas and shirts ballooned away to land tangled in trees and plastered against rooftops—but the Prince was "impressed and completely enchanted."

Almost everyone in Cocker-mouth, England stood around in the rain all week, waiting anxiously for Lord Egremont's guest at the estate to catch a fish. Guest **Bing Crosby** (shown below right not catching a fish) was visiting the Cumberland town to fish the River Derwent for a film in the British ABC television series on American sportsmen, but as the days passed, something seemed to be amiss with American sportsman Crosby, or else with England's River Derwent. Every morning at 7 Bing strode off into the drizzle followed by a gaggle of cameramen, and every evening he strode back to the castle, soggy and empty-handed. "It's getting kind of hard work, but they'll come," he said, rallying his TV troops, whose spirits were dampened along with everything else. Then he retired to ponder the baseball news from the old country and lay plans for the St. Leger horse race at Doncaster. After a week of this the fish did come. They were trout (the film was to have been about salmon fishing, but by that time a respectable goldfish would have satiated). The

American sportsman took several and got off in Doncaster in plenty of time for the St. Leger, where the action was considerably brisker. In a matter of minutes Crosby, Bing, had won 17 pounds on a horse named Crosby Don.

Baylor Split End **Tommy Smith** broke his back in an automobile accident in Colorado last year. Three weeks ago he was knocked out, bruised and suffered a cut right ear in an automobile accident in Texas. Two weeks ago, pretty well healed up, Tommy discussed these occurrences with the press at Baylor, then loped out onto the field for a bit of pre-season performing for television audiences. "I ran right at me," some rash fool of a cameraman suggested and, sure enough, Smith broke the man's arm and acquired four new stitches in his own scalp. The Bears opened the season very successfully against Syracuse, winning 35-12, and Smith played more than half the game emerging "without a scratch!" as Trainer Sam Kitchum reported triumphantly. Happily for Baylor, a football field with a game in progress seems to be the one safe spot for Tommy Smith.



They are almost too tired to walk to the bank

With a fortune to share among themselves, the plutocrats of the professional tour are finding that golf is quite an exhausting game

There is a new vogue on the professional golf tour, and if its impact on the game does not exactly rival in importance the invention of the sand wedge, it is still significant. This year's In act is the Exhaustion Syndrome, or Too Pooped to Putt, and it is having a bewildering effect on a sport that never before had been thought to equal, say, pro football in terms of physical demands.

In the last two months there has hardly been a big-name pro strong enough

to lift a club head. Bruce Devlin was still holding his \$35,000 check for winning the Carling World Open in England when he said, "I'm really tired from the circuit. I'm going to take a nice long rest."

The week before that, Don January won the \$21,000 first prize at the Philadelphia Golf Classic, the biggest purse of his life and his first victory since 1963. How did he feel? the press asked. "I'm tired, very tired," said January. "I'm going home to rest."

And then there were Billy Casper and Jack Nicklaus, the two leading money-winners on the tour this year. They were sitting at a table during the World Series of Golf (where winner Gene Littler earned \$50,000) discussing the strains of competition.

Nicklaus: "Once a fellow plays three tournaments in a row he wants to..."

Casper: "Go fishing."

Nicklaus: "That's right."

And this week Casper and Nicklaus are doing just that, with Billy fishing in the Pacific Northwest and Nicklaus trying his angling luck in Florida.

This how-tired-I-am trend started with Arnold Palmer a year or more ago, and Palmer had good reason. A man with several million dollars in business enterprises depending on him, he led a frantic life that hampered his golf. When asked what the trouble was with his game, he repeatedly said he was too tired to concentrate, and he still says so.

"All I need is some rest," Palmer stormed after a vexing final-round 77 at Hartford just last month, one that spurred him to a four-week vacation.

But Palmer's problem has turned out

THE 12 LEADING MONEY-WINNERS AND THEIR ATTENDANCE

		OFFICIAL EARNINGS	TOUR											
			LOS ANGELES	HO SAN DIEGO	CROSBY	LUCKY	HOPE	PHOENIX	TUCSON	PENSACOLA	DORAL	ORLANDO	JACKSONVILLE	GREENSBORO
			\$17*	\$10	\$10	\$17	\$10	\$10	\$10	\$10	\$10	\$10	\$10	\$10
1	CASPER	\$111,616	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						✓
2	NICKLAUS	\$89,569			✓						✓	✓	✓	✓
3	PALMER	\$79,717	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓		✓
4	SANDERS	\$70,996	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
5	BREWER	\$69,632	✓	✓	✓					✓		✓	✓	✓
6	RODDERS	\$65,112	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
7	LITTLER	\$61,653	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓				✓	✓
8	R. H. SIKES	\$61,609	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
9	BEARD	\$59,680	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
10	GEIBERGER	\$56,141	✓	✓	✓			✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
11	JANUARY	\$54,130	✓	✓				✓	✓					✓
12	DEVLIN	\$49,145								✓	✓			✓

* Total purse in thousands of dollars. Red check indicates tournament winner.

to be contagious. No matter how much money they put up, tournament sponsors no longer can be assured that even one of the two or three golfers who readily draw crowds will enter their event. (The Carling, which offers \$205,000 in purse money, is golf's richest tournament, yet it could lure only four of the top 10 U.S. money-winners. For the rest, the trip to England wasn't worth the trouble.) In turn, the golfers themselves are getting waspish. The other day Doug Sanders, who has played in 27 tournaments this year, said that Jack Nicklaus, who has played in 16, "has more talent and less desire than any one I know."

Many pros now maintain that it is impossible to be at their competitive best if they play more than three or four weeks in a row. Nicklaus began the year by saying three tournaments in a row was his maximum. He has stuck to that, even though it has been suggested that his frequent vacations account for the fact that he only occasionally plays up to his full potential. Nicklaus contends that he won the Masters, won the British Open, is the second leading money-winner and what more do you want?

Al Geiberger, who won the PGA, has played in 24 of the 33 tournaments, but also tries to sit out a week after playing three. "I have to go off for a while and forget about hitting a ball," he says. "When I get tired, I start to change my swing. Then I'm in real trouble."

The chart below shows the patterns of competition and vacation that the top money-winners have followed. It also suggests that perseverance is rewarding, as in the case of Frank Beard, who is getting rich by being consistent instead of spectacular. (The tour, in fact, is now so lucrative that the 25th money-winner has earned more than \$32,000). Conspicuous by his absence on the chart is Gary Player, who has entered only 11 events and has all but retired from the U.S. tour. On the other hand, Palmer has played a surprising number of times.

Tournament sponsors, who put up most of the PGA's \$4 million in prize money, are becoming increasingly upset by the absenteeism of the name pros and are looking for a solution. As of now, the pros are not under contract to the PGA to appear at any tournament, yet the PGA contracts with the sponsors

continued

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RECORDS AT THIS YEAR'S BIG TOURNAMENTS

OKLA. CITY	MEMPHIS	BUICK	U.S. OPEN	WESTERN	BRITISH OPEN	ST. PAUL	PGA	INDIANAPOLIS	CLEVELAND	THUNDERBOLT	HARTFORD	PHILADELPHIA	CARLING	PORTLAND	TOTAL PLAYED
\$57	\$100	\$108	\$145	\$162	\$41	\$180	\$156	\$57	\$180	\$118	\$100	\$116	\$205	\$38	
			✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	21
✓	✓		✓		✓		✓		✓	✓		✓		✓	16
		✓	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		20
		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓		✓	✓		27
	✓		✓				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	24
	✓	✓	✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	27
	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	22
	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	27
✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓			27
	✓	✓	✓				✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			✓	24
	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		22
✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	18



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GOLF *(Continued)*

to "make its best effort to provide a strong field." As Jack Tuohill, who now runs the tour for the PGA, explains it, "Best effort means that I adopt a prayerful attitude and plead with players to enter." "The situation at our tournament this year was absurd," says Captain Porter Bodell, who runs the Pensacola Open. "We never did find out until the last minute just who was going to play, which is like trying to run a football team without a quarterback. The golfers don't seem to realize that they owe something to the public, the people who pay the bills." Every time tournament sponsors discuss this problem with the PGA, they are told, in Tuohill's words: "Each player is an individual, and you can't tell individuals what to do."

"You can't," says a midwestern sponsor. "The Colts tell Umass what to do."

There is no doubt that the present schedule is too long—there are 43 events on the approved PGA program this year—but it is equally true that some kind of guaranteed appearance system will have to be established, especially in view of the Exhaustion Syndrome.

Meanwhile the rest of this year's PGA schedule will not be totally devoid of interest, because those two golfing fishermen, Nicklaus and Casper, are now thinking about playing in events they would prefer to ignore. The reason is the money race. Nicklaus has been the leading money-winner for the last two years, and he says, "That is an honor I do not want to lose."

Casper, on the other hand, has never been the leading money-winner. He is, in addition, miffed about being left off the Canada Cup team. The Japanese, who are the hosts this year and have a say as to who will represent the U.S., picked Nicklaus and Palmer, ignoring Casper, the U.S. Open winner.

Casper was on a national television show not so long ago with Ken Venturi, and talk got around to golf's so-called Big Three (Palmer, Player and Nicklaus). "There no longer is a Big Three," said Venturi, pointing to Casper. "It's a Big One." Billy liked that. He thinks that beating Nicklaus in the money race would much enhance both his image and his esteem, and he is going to play about every chance he gets from now on.

In turn, it is unlikely that Nicklaus is going to let Casper win the money race by default. By the end of the year the two of them may be tired—really tired. **ENO**

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CLEAN AND CLEAR

Knockdown for a dowager

Like overdressed turn-of-the-century grandes dames, the 66-year-old Idem one-designs still sail majestically past many younger boats

Labor Day is gone, another Adirondack sailing season is done and the Idems are all hauled out, snag under their tarps waiting through the long winter for the next season to begin. There is no reason to suppose that most of the fleet will not be there, heading for the starting line when the warning guns sound next spring, for these boats—not just the class, but these very same boats—have been racing on New York's Upper St. Regis Lake ever since the first one was built in 1900 for New

York financier Anson Phelps Stokes.

At one point in his active life, Stokes lost a leg when he was thrown from a horse, but according to his obituary, "He used to sit on the floor in the cockpit of his boat and swing the tiller over his head with one of his sons or daughters on the weather rail to tell him the position of the marks."

One of those daughters was sailing that same boat on the same lake recently with her daughter, her granddaughter and her great-granddaughter as fellow crewmen. All named Mildred, they had crew shirts with Milly One, Milly Two, Milly Three and Milly Four printed on them. "It was a nice mild day," said Milly Two, the skipper, "but as soon as the race began, a thunderstorm developed, and the lake was covered with whitecaps. I'll admit I was worried about how Milly Four would take it. She's only 5 years old. But when I looked, she was curled up on the windward rail, sound asleep. We gave Milly One an easy job, releasing the running backstay, since she was not only 82 years old but had had a couple of broken hips."

A dozen Idems were produced in 1900 and the next few seasons. One of them is now under a transparent bubble at the Adirondack Museum. One has been sold to a man on another Adirondack lake. Some are resting in their boathouses dry and disused, because at some time during the past 66 summers a family has run out of skippers or money or strength. But for each race at least five or six of the original Idems appear. They are the ancestors of every one-design racing sailboat in this country, the oldest class still campaigning its original boats.

They look like dowagers in plumed picture hats, these gaff-rigged sloops with their huge overhangs—32 feet overall, they are only 19 feet on the waterline. They carry a staggering—quite literally staggering—600 square foot of sail, not counting spinnakers, and they move as

fast and as unwaveringly as a virtuous woman.

Few modern skippers are accustomed to dealing with such vast spreads of canvas, and by the time a man used to a Marconi rig has piloted an Idem through his first blast of mountain air, he discovers that sailing has gotten to be a weak and wobbly thing since the days when grandma hiked up her skirts to keep them out of the bilge.

The Idem will be gliding along through a calm spot when suddenly a gust strikes and the boat heels. On these boats the mainsheet is tended by a man who sits on the afterdeck behind the skipper, bracing his feet on a little strip of wood. The sheet man lets out the sail to right her, but the boat continues to go over, heeling beyond any angle that a modern sailor believes possible. At this point, the rudder is practically powerless. On this 32-foot boat, it is scarcely bigger than a child's sand shovel. The gust strengthens. The huge gaff mainsail flaps violently, but the boat continues to heel, her mast closer and closer to the horizontal, the crew trying to climb straight up the now nearly vertical deck. A third of the boom is in the water. The mainsail is lying flat on the lake, like an enormous bedspread, with the leeward shroud and running backstay sheing under a full two feet. It is ridiculous to think that any boat can right herself from this angle—but the Idem does, and the moment she does, the water begins to drain out of the self-bailing cockpit through the centerboard trunk. She continues calmly toward the next puff.

In a sense, sailing history designed the Idem, and the Idem, and others like her, gave us the one-design races we hold today. There were probably informal small-boat races before history was written, but official small-boat racing as we know it began in 1895, when an Englishman challenged American yachtsmen for a shrunken version of the America's Cup. His challenge was taken up by the Scowbakea Corinthian Yacht Club on Long Island, and a group of small yachts were designed for the occasion, the best of which was supposed to trouble the invader. It did. During the next few seasons, the most successful designer of the American boats was a young man named Clinton Crane. Since the property owners at St. Regis were men accustomed to the best of everything, it was natural for them to invite Crane to spend



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BOATING *continued*

a month at the lake and to design a boat especially suited to it. They missed forming the country's first one-design class by a couple of seasons, since Scawanhaka was already racing a standard group of knockabouts—but, in any case, the genius of St. Regis lay not in the original idea but in its preservation.

Idem is the Latin word for "the same," and the name could scarcely be better chosen for the boats of St. Regis itself. This was and still is the lake of luxury, where men are so wealthy that they have no need to buy new toys for the sake of status. These are men who give nothing away recklessly and give nothing up needlessly.

Hunting and fishing brought their grandfathers to the woods in the 1880's. They chartered private horse vans to lug their families and carriages and tents and rugs and trunks and wine and settled their families in clusters of tents beside the lake to escape the frippery of society life in the cities. They escaped all right. On September 29, 1883, one of the wives wrote a bit plaintively, "With the temperature at 29", eating out-of-doors no longer seemed just the thing to enjoy." The rougher it was, however, the more the life appealed to families like the Roosevelts and Pratts. Eventually the tents were replaced by clusters of cabins—one cabin for the living room, one for the dining room and kitchen, one cabin for each child, a separate icehouse, broomhouse, storehouse, a guide's cabin and so forth for each family—but that is about as plush as anyone wished. There never have been any roads at the lake. At Upper St. Regis Landing, guests still reach camp by waiting at the end of a dock until their host calls for them.

Boat racing has been a part of St. Regis life from the days when campers agreed that it would be sinful to race on Sunday, but there was no real harm in taking two boats and seeing who could get to church first. If the *Idem* was the perfect boat for St. Regis, St. Regis was the perfect spot for a one-design class.

For decades the same boats and skippers showed up on the starting line. Ogden Reid, publisher of the *New York Herald Tribune*, raced his *Idem* with a cigar clamped between his teeth, except in the intervals when he had to move his jaws to browbeat his crew. His strong-minded wife, Helen, peacefully raced her own. Publisher Reid is gone now, and so is his family's famed newspaper, but

one of their *Idem*s still sails on the lake.

Among the best skippers was Elsie Ely, who won her first race in an *Idem* in 1900, but still disclaims the credit:

"You mustn't forget that we always had professional skippers in those days. One year we had two—imagine! It was father's boat, and he raced it until he was 85, although in those last years he would stay in the launch, on very windy days, and then criticize every single thing I had done."

Of course, nothing is immune to change or the desire of someone to change it. Some time ago one *Idem* owner, Yachtsman Robert Huntington, hired Naval Architect Phil Rhodes to redesign his old girl according to the newest technology. Her sail plan was changed from the old-fashioned gaff rig to the modern triangular Marconi. Her centerboard was altered. Stainless steel and dacron rigging was installed—and then the bedeviled bussy sailed out to the starting line—to be thoroughly trounced by the frumpy old dowagers.

That was the last time that anyone whispered "time for a change" in the cockpit of an *Idem*. Year after year, the same sails are hoisted—many of them sails that were delivered with the boats in 1900, some of them sails that were added in the lush seasons of the 1920s. *Idem* owners claim that there is a new suit of sails made by Ratsey on one of the boats, but this sail happens to be made of canvas, and Ratsey hasn't made a canvas sail in 20 years.

Still, by St. Regis standards, that is new. There, races and decades blend together in a long haze of summer. Each season there is a crowd of modern boats, pitting themselves against the grandmas. In 1917, the O boats appeared, designed by John Alden and, of course, there is still a flock of these newcomers which haven't even reached the half-century mark. The E scows arrived in 1931, supposedly the fastest single-hull boats in the country, and while no one could claim that the *Idem*s actually beat them, the *Idem*s undoubtedly held their own. After that it was the turn of the Ravens—which came and flew and disappeared—and this year there is a brand-new fleet of fiber glass M-20s—high-strung beauties that dart across the lake like dragonflies.

But still there are *Idem*s. Last year and this year and next year there are *Idem*s. And the more the others change, the more they are the same.

END



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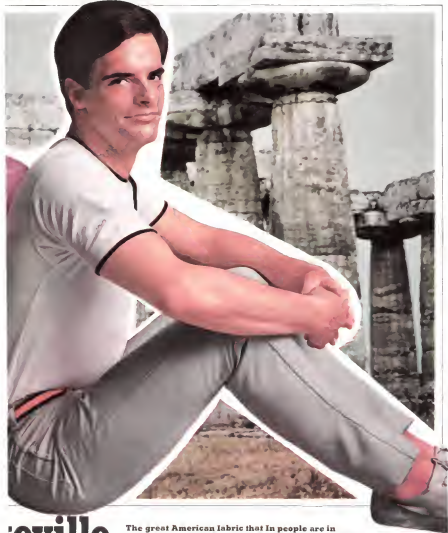
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A trick for the wizard

When I read the other day that Harry Fishbein was retiring as the head of the Mayfair Bridge Club in New York City, I stopped for a moment to ask myself why, not consciously realizing that ever-youthful Harry, who has spiced so many tournaments with the flamboyant berets that have become his trademark and his ability to destroy the English language with each sentence, is now 68 years old.

Perhaps the reason for my confusion is that Harry was such a late starter in the world of tournament bridge. He was 36 before he moved into the echelon of top players and 38 before he scored a big win, the Vanderbilt Team championship of 1936. It was about this time that he earned a special reputation for being an inspired player, one of those position-takers with such remarkable table presence that he could make contrary decisions on consecutive hands and be right both times. This takes a certain amount of wizardry, and Harry Fishbein brings a wizard's talents with him when he plays. Consider this hand.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
 ♠ Q 5
 ♥ A Q 7 6
 ♦ A K 10 9
 ♣ A 10 5

WEST
 ♠ 2
 ♥ J 10 9 8
 ♦ 7 5 4
 ♣ J 9 8 4 3

EAST
 ♠ A J 10 9
 ♥ K 5 3 2
 ♦ 3 8 2
 ♣ Q 6

SOUTH
 ♠ K 8 7 6 4 3
 ♥ 1
 ♦ Q 6 2
 ♣ K 7 2

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	2 ♣	PASS
2 N 1	PASS	4 ♣	PASS
5 ♣	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: Jack of hearts

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BRIDGE continued

A rebid of only three spades over North's two no trump would have been a sign-off, so Fishbein was correct when he jumped to the spade game. With good controls and high honors in spades, North's five-spade bid was not unreasonable. East, who had been considering the wisdom of doubling a four-spade contract, could not resist the temptation now—after all, this was a rubber-bridge game at the Mayfair and the stakes were more than mere master points. He expected that his trump holding alone would defeat the contract, and when he saw the spade queen in dummy he knew he had three trump tricks. As things turned out, his spades were too good.

A trump lead would have set the hand, but it would be hard to find fault with West's choice, the jack of hearts. Fishbein never even considered finessing the heart queen in order to get rid of his club loser. He knew that the trumps were stacked against him and a successful heart finesse was unlikely to improve his chances. Instead, he went up with dummy's ace of hearts and commenced reducing his own trump length by trumping a second heart lead. Three high diamonds had to go through, and he breathed a sigh of relief when they did. Next he ruffed another heart, cashed the king and ace of clubs and led dummy's last heart, ruffing while both opponents helplessly followed suit.

East was now reduced to the four powerful trumps from which he had expected so much, and they were enough to prove his downfall. When Fishbein led a third round of clubs, East had to trump his partner's trick. Worse than that, he had to lead from his ace-jack-10 of spades, obviously a hopeless position. If he cashes the spade ace, declarer wins the last two tricks with the king and queen. If, instead, he underleads the spade ace, declarer wins his 10th trick with dummy's queen and leads from dummy through East's ace-10.

East's double was a bad one, for it was a tip-off that helped Fishbein time his play perfectly. Without it, the normal line of play would be to lead up to dummy's spade queen and hope to lose not more than two trump tricks. But I suspect that even the merest flicker on the part of East would have led Fishbein to the winning play. He has an uncanny way of finding it. **END**

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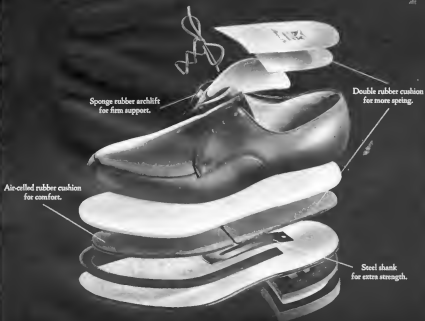
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And One More



for the River

BY CLIVE GAMMON

CONTINUED

When balmy weather keeps the salmon down on Norway's Driva River, what can good men do but bravely drink Scotch and rashly eat strawberries?

The Sunndal troll is no joke. Warty, whiskery, snaggle-toothed, elephant-nosed, six-fingered, 7 feet high, he dominates the bright new shopping center in Sunndalsora, western Norway. So he's made of foam rubber, and he's there to draw attention to the tourist information bureau. It makes no difference. The real Sunndal troll, up in the snowy mountain peaks above the town, would make short work of all that prosperous Scandinavian normality with a few well-aimed rocks tossed down in the traditional manner. That image is there to show proper respect and to keep the old fellow sweet.

Moreover, you would think that Herr Høen, chairman of the local fishing club, would have full control of the Driva River down there in the valley, especially since he issues fishing licenses. But that intimidating piece of rubber clutches a massive salmon to his breast—a good 55 pounds, from the look of it—and I'll bet he didn't have a license or a rod, either. The troll was there before the fishing club, and the possessive way he holds that salmon might go some little way to account for what happened to Mike Prichard and me on our fishing trip to the Driva.

We had laid our plans in troll-free London, where everything seemed straightforward. We had a good idea of the kind of river the Driva was—huge, icy and turbulent, a wild mountain stream multiplied many times over. There were enormous salmon, a number of 40-pounders caught each season, and the ever-present chance of a 50-, even a 60-pounder. And there were lots of them—an annual average of 20 tons caught on rod and line. The main problem would be transporting the catch home, and in the end we decided that this would be sheer extravagance in terms of the extra air freight. Better perhaps to travel back with just one 20-pounder apiece—we would have them smoked before we left.

We gave some consideration to tackle also. Fighting 40-pounders among those white cascades would call for solid gear. The ancient firm of Hardy's obliged (a fishing friend of mine once described Rolly-Royce as the Hardy's of the automobile industry). They sent us down mighty two-handed, steel-centered, split-cane rods that had clearly been built for some red-bearded, 10-foot-tall Highlander

in Queen Victoria's reign, and reels and lines to match. The recommended Driva flies turned out to be monstrous and brightly colored and mounted on double hooks—Jock Scotts, Silver Doctors and wild concoctions of jungle cock and hot orange. Spoon baits to be of use were to scale, nothing less than one and a half ounces. "The nights will be very cold," said Prichard. "Don't forget, sheepskin coats and long johns."

So we did have this weight problem at the airport, but that passed over. We also spent some time in the duty-free shop. Norwegians have plenty of salmon, but in another way they are ill-provided for. If they want a drop of the hard stuff, they queue at the Vinmonopolet, the state booze shop, which keeps, roughly speaking, bank hours—steel shutters slam down at closing time. In particular, Scotch is expensive, and even at that it's 10 to 1 you would never recognize the label. What colored beads were to the first explorers in Africa, good-brand Scotch is to the visitor to Norway.

So with a grip full of instant welcome between us, it was as well we missed the Bergen customs. We were late for the local bus-stop plane up-country, so they rushed us across the airport there without formality. At Vågå we landed again and caught the Hovercraft up the coast, and this was when we noticed something odd going on. It had become very hot. The Atlantic, instead of being a nice, respectable gray, sparkled with a vivid Mediterranean blue. The Hovercraft run ended at the little town of Molde, where Kristian Fahlstrøm was waiting for us—and he was tanned.

Subtropical Norway. No one had warned us about this. What about the gray curtains of rain that were supposed to wash the coast between Bergen and Trondheim through the summer months, pausing only to change to snow in the fall? We drove up to Sunndalsora with Kristian, ties loosened, jackets off. We leaned out the window and made no unnecessary movements beyond a slow head swivel when we passed a bunch of the local Valkyries out cycling. How Norwegian girls turn into blonde Tahitians after a couple of days' sun defeats the imagination. But they do.

We'd come to Norway for salmon, though, and I told

Prichard to pull himself together. It was no time to fall into the slack, native ways of this sun-soaked coast. I knew Prichard. Another couple of hours and he'd be looking round for breadfruit and a suitable beach to enjoy it on. "Straight to the river," I said.

The Driva was as big and as brutal as we'd been told, but there was no clarity in the water. It ran gray and opaque like soup-kitchen gruel. The reason was not far to find. Every mountainside was laced with streams of white water as the snow melted in the violent sun. Each stream, laden with earth and debris, poured into the river. Significantly, there were no rods out on the salmon pools. No wonder. Salmon heading in from the fjord would take advantage of every extra inch of water to go racing upstream. The only chance then was to drop a big spoon right on the nose of a fish that was taking a 10-minute rest. And to do that you need an intimate knowledge of the river, which we did not have.

From long experience I have learned that in this situation there is only one thing to do—go to the fountainhead, which usually means the local tackle shop. Our guide, Kristian Fahlstrom, was strictly a trout man, of that special kind you meet in England as well as Norway who regard salmon as gross, loutish intruders into waters which should rightly be reserved for trout, a fish to be caught only by precise imitation and perfect casting. In comparison, these purists imply, hurling a 5.0 Jock Scott or a 1½-ounce spoon is a hairy, thick-eared occupation. The only response a salmon fisherman can make here is, "Who wants to hunt rabbits when there are tigers about?" This, of course, is a question that will never be resolved.

But Kristian did take us along to the tackle shop, where we happened to meet Herr Heien, who crisply informed us that at night the snow would stop melting, the river would drop an inch or two and there might be taking fish. Then he sold us some more Silver Doctors and a map of the river.

Night fishing? Not, of course, as difficult as it sounds, in western Norway where at midsummer there is no night, only a kind of twilight around midnight. "Away to the hotel," I told Prichard, "to get the gear ready!" But

the *maui* spirit of Sunndalsora was getting him already. "First," he said, "a siesta," and I could see his point. The sun baked the white road outside the hotel. The river glimmered in the distance, a giant heat reflector. We withdrew in an orderly fashion and booked an early call for 8 p.m. at the hotel desk.

It must have been 9.30 by the time we made the river bank, and the sun was perceptibly lower in the sky. Here the Driva arched in a great silver sweep, and a heavy run under the far bank was clearly the holding water. Prichard, laden with photographic gear, walked behind me, and it was a minute or two before I realized that the clinking noise was not coming from the impact of his nailed boots on the pebbles. Oh, no. Prichard had reckoned there would be a long night ahead. Not only had he brought the Highland Cream with him, but he had clearly snatched a couple of glasses from the dining room as well. It is a sad thing to see a life entirely devoted to pleasure.

But we made a resolute start. Prichard moved in at the head of the pool, I halfway along. We would fly-fish it carefully to begin with, and if that brought no result we'd rake it with the big spoons. Neither did the job. It was a long pool and a lot of water. But an hour or so later we felt it had had the full treatment, and we'd rest it for a little while. After all, in these conditions fresh-run fish could be moving up all the time.

On our arrival we had noticed an oddity which we had simply put down as just another quirk of the indolent, pleasure-seeking natives—a birchwood seat from which you could scan the river and idly wonder if there were any salmon in it. Next to it was erected an unmistakable rod rack. Prichard, of course, was the first to take advantage of it. "Time for a Scotch and Driva," he said. I remonstrated with him when he dipped his glass in the river. You know what the water is like in these tropical countries. I didn't want to end up with bilharzia or something. I must confess, though, that when pressed I took one with him.

And then several things happened at once. From the shadow of the mountain a satellite appeared, gold in the thickening night, arcing slowly across the sky. From the shadow of the trees a tall figure emerged, a mighty rod—

continued



that dwarfed even our monstrosities—on his shoulder. The rod turned out to be whole bamboo, 20 feet of it. The figure, so we were to learn, was Olav.

"All Norwegians learn English in school," say the tourist handouts. But Olav had missed the boat somehow. All we got was a wide grin and an international gesture toward the river, which indicated that he had had as little success as we. Another international gesture from Prichard put Scotch and Driva in his hand. A pleasant social hour seemed in prospect, and it might have stayed just at that had not two more bamboo-pole owners appeared on the pebble beach. The Scotch must have been laying a chum line right down the river. These boys hadn't read the tourist literature either. But we had made contact right enough. Gestures, together with various laughs, grunts and sighs that could be used in combination to indicate most human emotions, saw us in agreement on the major issues that faced us. The salmon fishing was lousy. On the other hand, it was a nice, warm evening, the company was good, and there was Scotch and Driva for all. Things could have been worse. It might, for instance, have been raining.

By this time we had progressed to making up the S and D in larger batches in a coffepot someone had produced. The river was being rested in the proper fashion. Obviously, there would be no sense in overfishing it. Olav made an attempt at direct oral communication. "Først pund laks," he said. "Big salmon fish. Winston Churchill. Ha, Ha, Ha." Looking back, this does not sound particularly amusing, but I remember at the time that there was a lot of giggling that seemed to grow less controlled as time went on. Sporadic outbursts of song followed, and Prichard was just settling down to teaching our new friends the words of *The One-Eyed Reilly*, a suitable piece for small, male-voice groups, when across the river came the most exciting sound in fishing—the explosive crash of a big fish hitting the water like a cartwheel.

There was a rush for the birchwood rod rack that nearly uprooted it. The rods had been stacked up there neatly

enough, but they weren't neat any longer. Five men full of S and D trying to disentangle five leaders complete with various lures and flies must have looked hilarious to any dispassionate observer. For us it was an earnest, deadly struggle. Prichard won, of course. First at the river's edge, he stumbled into the water and made a mighty cast. The spoon came close to scalping Olav, who was running a good second, whistled across the river at a low trajectory and landed with a clearly audible crash in the bushes at the far side. I made for the tail of the pool, out of harm's way. Of our other two friends, one had disappeared. The other had given up the struggle and was sitting on the pebbles crooning quietly to himself.

Much later, it seemed, Prichard started shouting. He'd done a good deal of shouting anyway, but a new hysterical note had crept into it. I walked back up to where I had left him. So help me, he was sitting in the Driva, a glass in one hand, rod and line in the other. Out in midstream plunged a sea-run trout that looked to be six or seven pounds and was firmly attached to Prichard's tackle. His problem, it appeared, was that he could not get up.

First we landed Prichard, then his trout, one of the unluckiest fish ever to swim. Olav, by signs, indicated that the night was still young and why didn't we adjourn now to his farmhouse up the valley. But for us the night was over. Time for bed. As Prichard and I went up the road like a defeated army, I thought of the questions that serious fishing friends would ask on my return: about variations in barometric pressure, in water temperature, in salmon-taking times, about successful fly patterns and all the rest of it. Tomorrow—just when tomorrow would be I couldn't rightly sort out—would be different.

But tomorrow—if it was tomorrow—was just the same. Breakfast at 11:30 a.m., and the temperature 89°, the hottest they'd ever had in Sunndalsøra, or so the local paper seemed to be saying. I looked out of the window. No one was trying to fry an egg on the pavement, but the ice-cream shop was doing a roaring trade. Kristian came in to look at our salmon, so he said, but he seemed well informed about the previous night. Small towns are all the same. He brought good news, though. As we might

continued

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One More *continued*

have guessed from Pritchard's catch, the trout were running. He, personally, would take us trout fishing that evening, since these were fish requiring a certain skill in the catching. Results were guaranteed. Meanwhile we would inspect the hydroelectric plant before siesta time came round again. In spite of the fact that he was making heavy weather of his breakfast, Pritchard came back strongly to this. "Could we leave the hydroelectric plant today?" he said. "Because we really haven't seen a lot of the local people yet, and I always like to get the feel of a place." I knew what he meant. That swimming pool had been on his mind from the moment we had set foot in town. "Very well, then," said Kristian, a small metaphorical scicle forming. "I shall see you this evening at 8:30. Do not catch a cold."

So we moved into the curious surrealist timetable that governed the rest of our stay. Breakfast somewhat before noon. Afternoon at the pool. Long siesta until dinner. At 8 p.m. fishing until the first of the workmen were cycling along the road to the aluminum plant. Two waking and two sleeping periods in each 24 hours. You can get used to anything if you try.

This particular day I had Pritchard away from the pool at a reasonable hour, but not before he had convinced two of the local blonde bombshells that he could get their pictures in a magazine. He didn't tell them it was a fishing magazine he worked for.

Kristian brought him back to reality that evening. It was serious fishing. We kept at it hard. We caught some good sea trout—no salmon, though. I saw one move, fished for it with no result and got so mad that I went off to a side stream and caught 15 small brown trout. "You should leave those alone," said Kristian seriously. "We have put those little trout in there for the Swedish tourists." Not all Norwegians love their neighbors. Something to do with the war, they say.

The evening lacked the edge of the previous night, but at least we had caught some fish. Olav, though, had not passed out of our lives completely. There was

a note for us at the hotel. Tomorrow, if we wished, he would drive us up to the mountain plateau where, he was confident, we should find reindeer. No hunting trip this, though. We would simply be reindeer-spotting, since they were very positively out of season. Anyway, who wanted to shoot a reindeer?

Now, there is this point about Norwegian mountain roads. Since they are under ice and snow for eight months of the year, there is not very much sense in putting a good surface on them that is only going to be cracked and potholed by the following thaw. A good dirt road, rolled occasionally, is all you need. The rest of the year you just follow the birch poles that show you where the road is meant to be. Along such a road Olav drove us up to the plateau of the Dovre Mountains in an old German Ford, past green, glassy lakes and gleaming snow banks unmelting even now in the burning sun. All these myths about phlegmata; Norsesmen. He drove like a Spanish taxi driver with a drop of Dublin blood in him, but he turned pale only once, at a particular hairpin bend with a 1,000-foot drop to one side. Prichard and I were pale the whole time.

The pass opened out quite suddenly, and there were all those snowy peaks stretching away to Sweden. There were lakes, too, and cloudberry bushes, lichens and moss that reindeer feed on and mosquitoes. No reindeer, of course. We might just as well have been looking for Santa Claus. The reindeer, sensible creatures, were far up in the ravines.

So down we drove again, Prichard feigning sleep, which was just an excuse to keep his eyes closed. I went ahead with the sign language at which I was becoming very competent. That evening, I learned, we would go higher up the river to a spot where Olav claimed we'd catch salmon at last.

It is best to draw a veil over that evening. It was the night of the aksavi, Olav's return engagement. Only the personnel were different. This time we picked up a small Swiss who cried a little toward midnight and said, "I have come so far and I want to catch a salmon so much." "Nix laks, nix laks," said Prichard.

continued

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ard lugubriously. He was picking up the language fast. It was one of those sad evenings. An old Scotsman once said to me, "You have to be brave to be a salmon fisherman." But time was running out, and our courage ebbed from us.

So it was that Olav played his trump card. No salmon, maybe, but tomorrow, on his farm, they would be gathering the first strawberries of the season—so, a strawberry party for our last day!

In western Norway you are constantly gaining the impression that you have penetrated a film set of one of Grimms' fairy tales. To get to Olav's house we walked through a dark pine forest, and there in a clearing of bright green grass was the woodcutter's hut, only it was much bigger and with gaily painted shutters. A fairy-tale candy-colored pony grazed in the valley fields alongside the river where they were already gathering the strawberry harvest. A beaming Mrs. Olav stood welcoming us.

I like strawberries. There's no one fonder of strawberries than I am. But never had I been seriously offered as many as I was getting now, an enormous bowlful that would have done for a family of six. Prichard was getting the same treatment. Olav was moving around opening bottles of beer. Everything was to scale. Mrs. Olav staggered in with a patcher of cream, then went back for sugar. She evidently found much satisfaction in watching us eat. I got about a third of the way through and looked up. Mrs. Olav was smiling, but there was something steely in her look as well. I had a sudden, vivid recollection of *Hon-*

sel and Gretel. What was all that about flattering people up? But I made it to the bottom of the bowl. Prichard, looking a little pale, had done the same. We were not getting away with just that, though. Mrs. Olav was into the kitchen again and out with the master bowl. We hadn't seen this before, but Mrs. Olav, a big woman, could only just get her arms around it. Refills all around. Prichard, in cowardly fashion, pretended he had a headache and went outside. How I did it I shall never know. But I cleaned the bowl again, saving the team's honor.

We had to buy a salmon to take home. That night we packed away the gunt rods, the hawser lines, the king-sized flies that had never seen action. We put in an early call so that we'd make the Hovercraft to take us down the coast.

Oddly, though, I didn't sleep well. I clicked wide awake before the early call came. There was something terribly wrong that I couldn't pin down. I stood up to the mirror, but the trouble was not anywhere I could see. And then it became clearly localized. I felt cautiously round my back, then the seat of my pajama pants. Extraordinary corrugations made themselves known, together with heat and a fierce itch.

Have you ever tried to explain a problem like that to a blonde goddess in a small-town drugstore who can't speak English?

And what's Norwegian for strawberry rash?

They ought to do something about that Sunndal troll. **END**



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The Cup at the End of the Mountain Trail

The horses and their improbable riders gathered at Tahoe City, Calif. for the yearly Tevis Cup race across the winding paths and hazardous streams of the Sierra to Auburn, 100 miles away

by ALICE HIGGINS

What the Boston Marathon is to the distance runner, the Western States 100-mile, one-day ride for the Tevis Cup is to the endurance horseman. And, like the marathon, the California race over the rugged Sierra from Tahoe City to Auburn attracts some improbable but wonderful people. Among the 92 riders who started this year, there were a couple on their honeymoon, a 12-year-old girl, a 72-year-old man who had put off a hernia operation in order to compete, an Indian ranch hand, some polo players, a woman believed to be a Cherokee princess, an assortment of mothers, secretaries, factory workers and businessmen and a man with a gray vandyke beard who was described as a retired capitalist.

The stallions, mares and geldings entered were just as surprisingly diverse, and included just about everything found in a horse encyclopedia: Arabians, Anglo-Arahians, a Peruvian Paso, quarter horses, Appaloosas, Thoroughbreds, Standardbreds, Morgans pure and crossed with all the others, Pantos, buckskins, palominos and even a plain old western mustang. The horses were brought to Tahoe City's ball park the day before the race to be examined by eight veterinarians. Any horse whose condition was the slightest bit questionable was disqualified. "It is the integrity of the race that matters," said Will Tevis, who, with his brothers, contributed the cup in memory of their grandfather. "We want to be sure that the horses are sound at the start and are humanely treated. A winning racehorse can finish lame, but here no unsound horse can win. In fact, he would probably be caught at one of the checkpoints [there are four], instantly disqualified and removed by trailer." One of the requirements of the Tevis Cup is that the winner must be serviceably sound in the opinion of the vet examining board, and another prize, the Hagen Cup, is offered to the horse that finishes in the best

physical condition among the top 10. Many riders enter with no hope of winning but just to complete the 100 miles. If they do, and their horses pass examination, each is awarded a sterling silver and gold buckle. This specially designed and highly prized trophy is worn by only one man who has not competed in the race. He is 76-year-old Will Tevis, who holds the world record for riding 200 miles in about 10 hours and who in 1923 helped to defeat an Army team

in a reenactment of the Pony Express ride from the Nevada border to the Pacific.

Although he did not ride, Tevis had several horses entered whose training and conditioning he had planned. Another contender with multiple entries was Wendell Robie, who originated the 100-mile ride. In the early '30s he was guided over the almost-forgotten trail by Robert Watson, a son of one of the area's pioneers. Some months later Watson was

continued



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Tevis Cup

killed in a fall, leaving Robie and a handful of friends the only men with an intimate knowledge of this onetime gold-rush and Pony Express route. The trail is as hazardous as it is historic, going up to almost 8,000 feet at Emigrant Pass, where glaciers still lie in pockets, and snaking close to 2,000 feet into canyons where the temperature can reach 110°.

This was the test that drew horses and riders to Tahoe City in the chill, dark dawn. The ride is always scheduled when there will be a full moon to light the trail, but this year the skies remained persistently overcast. The riders, astride English, Western or McClellan saddles, were started in flights of six, with the cup competitors leading and the buckle-seekers setting off last. The popular favorite was Ed Johnson, on his Arabian stallion Beralat, who established a new record last year by finishing in 11 hours 38 minutes. Another strong contender was Donna Fitzgerald on an Arabian gelding named Razlind. They had finished second last year, and the horse's owner, Ted Jerry, had promised to give the gray to Donna if they finished in the first five.

Before the first stop Truly Peterson's horse fell at Robertson Flat. The horse was unimpaired, but Truly suffered a huge bruise on one hip. By shifting her weight to the other stirrup and hanging on to the horse's mane, however, she was able to finish the race. Although riders with bruises may go on, horses may not, and several who had picked up stone bruises on the first part of the trail were eliminated at Robertson Flat after only 35 miles.

Donna Fitzgerald led the way out, her gelding looking just a little tired as they entered the toughest part of the ride, the canyon area between the flat and Michigan Bluff. Ed Johnson was next, his horse flesh and pawing the ground. The others were strung out, among them Tevis' chestnut half-Arabian gelding named Pancho. Pancho was ridden by a 32-year-old insurance salesman, Bud Dardi, who was making his fourth try for the cup. His wife, Marsha, was pessimistic as she rubbed Pancho at Robertson Flat. "I'm surprised the horse has made it this far," she said. "He's not my favorite."

At Michigan Bluff, a gueling 30 miles later, conditions were somewhat changed. Cliff Lewis and his horse, Kaput, never reached the bluff. They fell

from the trail a thousand feet into a canyon. Lewis walked out, but it took three days and nearly a dozen rescue attempts before Kaput was hoisted out by helicopter. The horse was in surprisingly good condition.

Donna Fitzgerald and Razlind arrived at Michigan Bluff a full hour before any of the others. The gelding looked very tired but an hour later had recovered remarkably. The vets, however, advised a very slow pace from then on, and Donna felt at a walk for Echo Hill. After her departure Johnson and Beralat, the latter still bright and alert, checked in, and soon others began to arrive, including Pancho, who had been steadily gaining. Johnson started closing the gap between himself and Donna, but at Echo Hill he was forced out. He was running a fever, and an old knee injury had been aggravated when he ran alongside his horse on a steep hill to save him from a fall. Bud Dardi and Pancho were also gaining on Donna. She was holding the horse to a slow pace.

Donna came slowly up the hill to one of the late checkpoints. Her pink shirt was soiled, and her face was smudged. She had been running alongside the horse, and her own energy seemed almost gone. Within five minutes of her arrival, there came the sound of hoofbeats up the mountain. It was Dardi and Pancho, moving free and easy. Donna started up again, aware that if she pushed her horse she could hurt him, and that if she did not she would surely lose. She stayed at a walk.

At the fairgrounds racetrack in Auburn the grandstand was jammed. Marsha Dardi paced nervously, repeatedly checking her husband's progress at the radio control booth. "Just think what I said about that horse!" she chattered. "I just can't believe it." Then applause began to roll across the stands as Pancho, jogging, came into the track. As he crossed the finish line, Marsha Dardi broke into sobs and the children into squeals as they all ran out to pat and hug both horse and rider.

After Dr. Richard Barsaleau had completed his examination the Dardi girls grabbed Pancho's lead shank to start cooling him out. They skipped and hopped alongside the horse. "Wait a minute, girls," called Dr. Barsaleau, "that horse has come a long way. Take him nice and slow. He's a good horse, and he deserves a rest."

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

A month ago, when BALTIMORE (2-4) had to dip into the minors for a pitcher, a small band of fans set themselves up as pickers and earned placards urging the club to bring up local boy Tom Phoebus, who was with Rochester in the International League. Orioles officials paid no heed. Last week, however, Phoebus finally got the call and put some life back into its old axiom that says, "The customer is always right." Phoebus shut out the Angels on four hits, the third complete game by an Oriole pitcher in more than 5½ weeks. Even so, the Orioles continued to have trouble. The once-awesome batters hit .226 last week, giving them a season mark of .257, precisely the same as the supposedly weak-hitting Dodgers, who were shaping up as their most likely World Series opponents. This decline in hitting brought flickering pennant hopes in other corners. Even Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, the avowed No. 1 Minnesota (3-3) rooster, showed new interest, declaring that if time ran out on his Twins, "We'll extend the season." Then the Twins ran smack into Detroit (4-2), lost three straight and fell by the wayside. The death knell came on a panned ball on what should have been an inning-ending strikeout. When the ball got by Catcher Earl Batley, Norm Cash of the Tigers hustled to first base, the next two batters walked and Jim Northrup followed with a grand-slam homer. Detroit blew a golden chance to pick up further ground on slumping Baltimore when CLEVELAND (2-4) snapped out of a terrible batting slump (four runs in 38 innings) and beat the Tigers twice. Sam McDowell tied a league record by striking out the first five Tigers in one game. After six innings he had 14 victims and was within reach of the record of 18 when he had to leave because his shoulder

tightened. Two more strikeout records were set, though. The 19 strikeouts by three Indian pitchers was a nine-inning mark, and the total of 27 for the regulation game (the Indians won in the 10th 6-5) was also a new high. CALIFORNIA (2-4), too, stopped scoring, going into a .203 nonhitting slump after beating the Orioles 6-5. And lack of hitting was driving CHICAGO (3-3) Manager Eddie Stanky to distraction. On the lineup card he gave to Oriole Manager Hank Bauer before one game Stanky had penned the words "Sleeping pills?" Stanky very likely needed sleeping pills after losing to the Red Sox 10-1, 2-1 and 5-4. "My problem," Stanky confessed, "is our .232 team batting average. When I go to sleep it's staring at me. And it's there again at breakfast, it's written right on the eggs." KANSAS CITY (4-1) pitchers were superb. During one stretch of 97 innings spanning a week and a half, they gave up only five earned runs. The only thing that stopped the A's pitchers was a light failure in WASHINGTON (2-2) that halted a 0-0 game in the third inning. When the game was resumed two days later, Les Kauter wrapped up matters with a shutout. The A's scoreless-winning string was finally ended at 44 when the Senators won the next game 1-0 in the ninth. Phil Ortega, who won that game, and Pete Richert both beat the Yankees as the Senators clinched the season series from sawdust (1-5) for the first time since 1933. After 7½ innings of perfect ball, Jim Brunton lost his no-hitter in the eighth and both his shutout and victory in the ninth. The Twins scored twice on a double (their second and last hit), a hit batsman, a throwing error on a hunt and a mental error that let the winning run score on a double play. BOSTON (5-1), making the most of some clutch hitting by Joe Foy and Carl Yastrzemski, two saves by John Wyatt

and Don McMahon's win and a save climbed to eighth place for the first time since early May.

Standings: Balt. 30-58, Det. 23-63, Min. 21-63, Cin. 20-72, Cal. 19-75, Chi. 15-77, KC 10-81, Wash. 36, Wash. 37, N.Y. 46, St.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

To a man, the LOS ANGELES (4-2, page 26) players maintain that their drive for the pennant is a team effort. There is, however, no way to overlook individual efforts. There was Willie Davis scoring all the way from first on a single for the winning run in a 3-2 game. There was Dick Schofield (below) hitting key hits. There was Retever Ron Perzanowski sinking out a record-tying six batters in a row. There was Don Drysdale spending a day with a horse he owns named Comstocker and then pulling a mild comeback of his own by beating the Pirates 5-3 for his first win in four weeks. And there was Lou Johnson, the man with the half ear and L.B.J. for initials. Sweet Lou has teammates call him Lou week. Sweet Lou helped force four wins as he hit three homers, drove in nine runs and batted .347. The Dodgers had all but stashed away another pennant by taking two of three from the Pirates, when strange things began happening. For the first time since the Dodgers moved into Chavez Ravine in 1962, it rained during a game. It was no help, however, as frustrated Pittsburgh (2-3), with Larry Jackson on the mound, won 4-0. That cut the Dodger lead over the Pirates to 1½ games, leaving L.A. with only a half-game profit to show for the week. After Sandy Koufax had apparently finished off Pittsburgh 13-21 in more ways than one, Roberto Clemente had a few words to say about baseball's foremost arithmetic. "If I have an injury they call me a goldbrick,"

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

When the news broke that Dick Schofield had been traded from the Yankees to the Dodgers in early September, it was quickly swallowed up by the yards of millions of Americans. Last week, however, Schofield joined every red-blooded pennant watcher wide awake with his performance. He began by getting four hits in an 8-3 victory against the Mets. Then, in a showdown series against the Pirates for the league lead, Schofield ignited a five-run rally for a 5-3 win and contributed to a three-run outburst that paid off with a 5-1 victory. After four games as a Dodger, he was hitting .437. Moreover, his fielding at third base had helped preserve a 1-0 win over the Astros. All of which

was not bad for a player who had a .155 average with the Yankees and a .232 lifetime mark. For Schofield, such achievements under extreme pressure are nothing new. When Shomoop Dick Genge was hurt last in 1960, it was Schofield who came off the bench, batted .300 in 19 games and helped carry the Pirates to the pennant. Alan, Schofield's efforts have been mediocre: a burst of brilliance, then a quick fadeout. But, above all, Schofield is a competitor and, prodded by his own feverish energies and clats, he has always been a hustler, even when working out with the scrubbenes. "I always work hard," is his simple explanation. Such preparation paid big dividends last week as the Dodgers, with a big hit from Schofield, took a strong grip on first place.



DODGERS' DICK SCHOFIELD

THE SEASON

	WEST	WORST
BATTING (NL)	Alou, Pk 349	Brennan, NY 231
BATTING (AL)	Oliver, Mon 207	Ryan, Bos 213
HOME RUNS (NL)	Abern, Atl 26	Woodward, ARI 0
	(1 per 14 AB)	(161 AB)
HOME RUNS (AL)	F. Robinson, Bos	Taveras, Bos 0
	(51 per 12 AB)	(212 AB)
PITCHING (NL)	Koufax, LA 24 8	Edwards, Chi 29
PITCHING (AL)	Keane, Minn 24-10	Stallworth, NY 22-18
ERA (NL)	Koufax, LA 0.78	Eric, Cin 5.18
ERA (AL)	Peters, Chi 7.03	Lohr, Det 4.76
COMPLETE GAMES (NL)	Koufax, LA 23	Nantz, Cle 0
	(37 starts)	(76 starts)
COMPLETE GAMES (AL)	Star, Minn 18	Dwight, NY 0
	(37 starts)	(27 starts)
TEAM HR (NL)	Atlanta 188	New York 95
TEAM HR (AL)	Baltimore 175	Kansas City 63
TEAM RPS (NL)	Atlanta 216	St. Louis 543
TEAM RPS (AL)	Baltimore 189	Kansas City 327
TEAM SB (NL)	St. Louis 130	San Francisco 39
TEAM SB (AL)	Chicago 138	Boston 33

*through Sept. 27

Clemente said. "But with Koufax, they make him a hero. Sore elbow, my foot. He threw as hard as ever. I don't say his arm isn't stiff after he pitches, but he couldn't pitch like that if it hurt very bad." The Pirates fought back into contention by beating the Dodgers 9-5 and then, with Woody Fryman pitching his first complete-game win since July 9, took care of the Giants 4-0. Earlier they had pleased a group of 80 fans who had bussed some 1,200 miles from Richmond, Pa. to Houston, where the Pirates won 9-3. SAN FRANCISCO (3-3, page 29) could not get out of third place. Owner Horace Stoneham signed up Manager Herman Frank for next year, saying, "There might be a psychological effect on the club knowing he's going to be here again." The Giants' psyche got several other jolts, the most severe coming when Met rookie Bud Harrelson stole home with the winning run in the ninth. But that was the only win all week for New York (1-6), awash in a sea of errors and poor pitching. CHICAGO (2-5), entrenched in the cellar, managed to end an eight-game winning streak by the Braves and a seven-game string by the Cardinals. CINCINNATI (0-5), without a complete game for the third week in a row, kept on losing. MINNESOTA (4-1), scoreless for 43 innings, unfolded 37 hits for four wins. The Astros' 32 runs in those games matched their total in 15 previous contests. Leaders in the sudden offensive spurt were Chuck Harrison (8 for 19) and Sonny Jackson (14 for 25). ATLANTA'S (1) rookie Pat Jarvis won his fifth game in a month as the Braves continued to play the best ball (16 of 19). Bob Gibson became the third St. Louis (5-1) pitcher ever to win 20 games two years in a row. Curt Flood, who hit .391, traced his splurge to a one-word sign in his locker: CONSENT.

Standings: LA 87-61, Pk 84-62, SF 85-65, Phi 88-30, StL 79-11, ARI 79-11, Cin 71-37, Bos 67-85, NY 61-95, Chi 54-96.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BLAST

Sirs:
Helmets off to SI! Your pro football issue (Sept. 12) was not only your largest, but one of your greatest issues. I enjoyed all of the articles, and the color pictures were fabulous. I won't even criticize any of Tex Maule's choices. In fact, I agree with them 100%. But why was there no picture for the Cowboys? Meredith, Hayes, Lilly and crew are only going to be the next World Champions, and they at least deserve a picture.

DAVID GAINES

Grand Prairie, Texas

● They do indeed (pages 33 and 34) —ED.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your pro football issue immensely, especially the article, *The Bears Come Blasting In*. I saw evidence of the "blasting" Bears on opening day when they lost by only 11 points to one of the most ferocious seventh-place teams the NFL has seen in years. I must say those "hungry" Bears certainly made a feast of the "purgals."

JOE YAKAR

North Minneka, Minn.

Sirs:

I see Tex Maule again has chosen Dallas to capture the eastern title. But they won't. The Cleveland Browns will.

Moreover, they won't even miss Mr. Whitshame!

BRECK STEAMBAUGH

Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

Tex Maule says Minnesota is a sixth-place team. No club with Fran Tarkenton, Tommy Mason, Bill Brown, Paul Tatley, a great offensive line, plus a great coach like Norman Van Brocklin is going to finish sixth.

TIM KANE

Hemet, Calif.

Sirs:

What especially interested me was that Edwin Shraike envisions the San Diego Chargers dropping to third place in the AFL West while the Houston Oilers climb to first place in the East—all because of one man, Ernie Ladd. Who does Shraike think Ladd is? Superman?

JAMES R. RICHMAN

San Diego

CONTRACTS

Sirs:

Since my article ("I Hate 'New Books a Cartier," Sept. 19) appeared in *SPORTS*

ILLUSTRATED, people have been asking me what I think about coaches' contracts in general. Let me say first that a contract is the only way by which a school can get a proven coach and assurance that its athletic department will not be raided every year. But the coach is really in more need of protection than the school. His career is dependent upon the performance of 18- and 19-year-old young men, and they can be pretty unpredictable. A coach needs some guarantee of tenure, the same as a college professor, but on a short-term basis. He can get this from a contract.

Every contract should give the coach an option to renegotiate at the end of each two-year period. If the school is dissatisfied it can refuse to renegotiate, but it is obliged to honor the contract for the full term. If the coach is unhappy, he can tell his school he is not going to renegotiate and thus give notice that he is planning to leave. This way, there can never be a question of a coach's moral obligations if he should leave to go to another school. However, until that stipulated option time has arrived, he is legally and morally obligated to fulfill that segment of the contract. In no way can he change his mind, even talk to anyone or ask to be released. I believe in this completely, and my present contract with South Carolina contains these terms.

PALL DREZEL

Columbia, S.C.

YOUTHFUL OUTLOOK

Sirs:

As an avid Tiger fan for most of my 14 years, I have always preferred the American League to the National. Because of this, I have never entered into any discussions about the two leagues, and I have never been willing to admit to anyone that the NL is superior.

Last June I came up with the idea that the American League has much younger players than the NL. And, while I milled over this, SI came out with the article on the younger stars in the AL (*Here Come the Young Turks*, July 14). Encouraged, I wrote to each major league team asking for the team roster and the birth date of each player and then set out to work on averages. I ended up categorizing players in three groups: all players, starting players (excluding pitchers) and pitchers (four starters and two relievers). The average ages of players in the two leagues were as follows:

	AL	NL
All Players	28	28
Starters	27.5	28.5
Pitchers	27.5	29

Breaking it up more, I decided to com-

pare first- and second division teams and found that the youngest teams in each league were in the second division (Mets, Reds, Red Sox and Athletics). However, the oldest teams in the NL were the Phillies and Dodgers, both contenders, while the AL's oldest teams, the White Sox and the Yankees, were floundering between the two divisions.

Last but not least, the American League's starting AL Stars averaged an age of 26.5 against the NL's 29.

Maybe the NL does have better players and a better brand of baseball, but the AL fans still have some hope for the years to come with their younger stars.

LISA L. ANDERSON

Marquette, Mich.

DELIGHT

Sirs:

September 7, 1966 will go down as the most glorious day in the history of the YHA (Yankee Haters of America). On that day, the great Yankees, whom some picked to finish first (and most picked to finish in the last division), dropped all the way to the bottom of the American League behind the lowly Athletics and Red Sox. As Professor Lutz Iggen put it, "How simply frightful! How humiliating! How delightful!"

GEORGE DENNIS

STAY PALMICO

GARY WOODFIELD

LARRY GRILLO

Williston Park, N.Y.

ON THE MOVE

Sirs:

Many thanks for a fine article on perhaps the most generous patron chess has ever had, Mrs. Jacqueline Patigorsky (in Chess, *Patigorsky's 1st Tips*, Sept. 5).

In the manner which has so long distinguished SI, Robert Cantwell has given the reader an insight into the lady behind that bastion of American chess, the Patigorsky Foundation, one of the many reasons that chess is probably the second fastest-growing sport in the U.S. today (behind soccer, of course).

JAMES R. F. QUINN

Ocean Park, Me.

TARTUFFLE

Sirs:

Bob Mowman (19TH HOLE, Sept. 5) must be an old and tired man. He must be old, because he says that soccer is "dull and boring to watch." If this is so, how come 400 million people were watching or listening to the World Cup all over the world? I'm sure it wasn't raining every place.

Mowman has to be tired too, because

continued

a few words to the man who thinks he's sitting pretty

Try this simple experiment. Sit up straight. Put your feet on the floor. Now freeze! Don't move a muscle for 15 seconds. Can you imagine having to sit like that for the rest of your life? Living — but not earning a living. How do you pay for the groceries? Home? Car? Clothes? Of course, you don't think this could happen to you. Because the incidence of total disability is small. But the consequences of not having disability income insurance can be tremendous.

STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA



State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America, Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded in 1864. Life-Health-Group.

How to Stop the Gold Flow

by
Julien P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

**Old Fitzgerald
Distillery**

Leesville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Here at the home of **OLD FITZGERALD**, I often wonder if the next southern breeze will carry the sound of gold draining from our reserves at Fort Knox.

As a distiller of the one pure-bred American spirit, old-line Straight Bourbon Whiskey, I pale at how an invasion of foreign liquors has abetted this drain.

I find myself reminded of the Virginia farmer who, during the War between the States, found his land in the middle of champagne bottle lines. A raid on his stock and crops by retreating Yankees would soon be followed by a visit from pillaging Rebels—and vice versa.

One day, the dust of blue-coat cavalry still hanging in his yard, he was set upon by a Confederate scouting party.

"Name your allegiance," demanded a grizzled sergeant.

"Well, I ain't took no sides," moaned the weary farmer, "but, I'll be doggoned if both sides ain't took me."

Today, I fear, Americans, too, are being "took"—but from all sides. After opening our doors to alien spirits, we find all but a trickle of our home-grown whiskies strangled abroad by tariff and trade restrictions.

Last year some 450 millions in U.S. "liquor" dollars flowed overseas. Our exports, by comparison, were like a drop of whiskey in a barrel.

How can you help? If you think American, drink American. We few Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon distillers stand ready to accept the challenge of any import in a test of mellowness and flavor.

Since our **OLD FITZGERALD** is the most expensively made* Bourbon in Kentucky . . . and probably in the world, we're sure that just one taste will win you to our side.

*Source: Kentucky Distilling Records

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
100 Proof or Prime Straight 86.8

18TH HOLE continued

beast-hunting sounds like a sport you could fall asleep over. Soccer is definitely becoming a big sport in the U.S. Thank goodness for young people

RON ROBINSON

Springdale, Pa.

Six

To that Florida bean-hunter, Bob Mossman, I say, in the words of the late great W. C. Fields, "You, sir, are a Tartuffe!" You are downgrading the one sport that can give U.S. sports fans a position on the international totem pole.

The loudest sports explosion of all time occurred when our 8-to-5 daily working athletes met England's greatest professional selection in the World Cup tournament of 1950 in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and whipped them! It was like Mossman and I and his bean-hunting buddies getting together; a football team and knocking off the Chicago Bears in rule play. English headlines read **ENGLAND DOMINANT**. And the world knew what they were saying, except for U.S. sports editors, who gave it token space in the back pages.

On the purely pro level, soccer is played in more countries than any other game. It has more participants, the highest-salaried stars and requires the utmost in conditioning and subjugation to united teamwork. Soccer also outdraws any other competitive game.

There are no gimmick scores. One goal is one goal, no matter where scored from or by whom . . . or in whose goal? No phony timeouts are interjected to slow down a hot team and rob the fans of excitement untold. You have to stop them on the field with your skill and effort—no rule can do it for you. And once the game starts, you are master of your fate and have to respond resourcefully to the situation at hand at the moment it occurs and without your hands, man! That nonstop action helps make soccer the world's most exciting game.

BILL KILLICK

Pomona, Calif.

Six

Soccer is for people who like a fast-moving, team-spirited sport. As for Mr. Mossman's reference to soccer not being popular here, how come a soccer league is being prepared for 1967 or 1968, and why did 12,000 New Yorkers attend the U.S. Cup of Champions finals between Brazilians and Greeks? For sex appeal?

NICK PETERS

New York City

Six

I agree with Mossman. Soccer has no typical American appeal. The ways of the game are cold, and it lacks the strategy that every armchair general would be a part of.

TIM STANLEY

East Lansing, Mich.

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